

ALL ABOUT THE YACHT RACE

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SEWED UP THEIR NIGHTGOWNS.

FRISKY MALE GUESTS AT A HILLSDALE, N. J., HOTEL PLAY TRICKS ON THE YOUNG WOMEN.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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THERE'S many a slip 'twixt the first race and the cup.

ST LOUIS thieves have taken to stealing chorus girls. It will be a new problem for the courts to determine in each case whether the offense is grand or petit larceny.

THE story of the country girl whose legs made a hit in a burlesque show when her talent failed is interesting, if for no other reason than to show that there are several kinds of theatrical successes. Physical eloquence is sometimes a better thing to have than talents of a higher order.

THE new woman is everywhere, and permeates everything. There have been bloomer dances galore, and now the ladies of Mechanicsburg, O., have come out strong with a Bloomer Tea, at which prizes were offered for the jauntiest costume. Men, of course, were not admitted. It wasn't considered safe.

MRS. GENEVIEVE CHAPMAN, of Baychester, N. Y., had a husband, and a home, but the rosy-red cheeks of a baking powder agent appealed more to her artistic tastes than the venerable beard of her painting spouse. So the rosy cheeks and the wife are off somewhere together with about \$800. It might be interesting to know what they will do when the bank-roll has gone.

AN exceptional opportunity is being afforded Americans to see to best advantage those elements in the game of cricket which have commended it to all Englishmen. The only drawback to enjoyment is the length of time it takes to conclude a match. To the baseball enthusiast, used to seeing a contest of about two hours' duration, three days of play of itself condemns the English game. But it remains to be seen whether it may not find greater favor than ever with the gentlemen sportsmen here. What differences over decisions of umpires may not be dissipated by the mid-game lunch! What hot dissension among players shall not vanish over cups of steaming coffee or mugs of English ale! It may come to pass that, while the game shall never rival baseball in the public favor, it may find widespread adoption among our amateur athletes.

MASKS AND FACES.

Narrative of the Little Country Maiden in the Chorus.

HOW LEGS CAN BE ELOQUENT.

Ada Lewis is Looking for the Nice Young Man who Took Her \$165 Ring.

VILLAINS STOLE ETHEL YORKE.

She was a meek, modest and confiding little girl, and she hadn't been in the big city very long. Like the girl in Jimmy Thornton's famous song, "The Streets of Cairo":

She never saw the streets of Cairo,
To the Midway she had never strayed;
She never danced the coquette-coquette,
Poor little country maid!

She was looking for work.

They are always looking for work when they come to New York. It's easy, looking for work, but it doesn't always pay. One day this little country maid read in the want column of a daily newspaper that one hundred chorus girls were wanted for a great spectacular drama, and immediately she became fired to ap-

an astute manager who saw talent in her every move. And, moreover, it would be very nice to mention the name of some reigning comic opera star and say: "She was once the little chorus girl." It would all be very sweet and romantic, but it wouldn't go with those who know much about those things. But this young woman made a success of life, and it



HER FIRST STEP.

wasn't her talents which did it, either. It was her legs. They didn't seem to be any different from the regiment of legs of which they formed an item. But there was something about them that appealed particularly to a man who sat in one of the lower boxes. He was an ex-



HE SAW HER ELOQUENT LEGS.

pear on the stage. That one little spark, inspiration, is a troublesome thing to put out. In her case she didn't attempt to put it out. She fanned it and encouraged it, and the result was that in a very short time she found herself standing before a dreary-looking stage door, with a couple of hundred other girls, waiting to go before the stage manager.

With the rest, she went inside and stood on the big, gloomy stage, lighted only by a flickering yellow bunch light, and, with the rest, she wondered if she would get a place. In an incredibly short space of time her turn came. "Can you sing?" she was asked, and then followed a perfect volley of questions, with the result that she was told to come again. There are a lot of dreary details in the engaging of chorus girls that are not worth going into. But she was eventually engaged, and, after weeks of training and drilling, she found herself one night in a dressing-room with the others, with a pair of tights in her hand and a scant costume hanging from a numbered nail in front of her. It wasn't an easy thing for her to think of going out to exhibit herself before several thousand people, with nothing to shield her nudity but gauze tights. But she went.

It would be a very fitting climax to this brief tale to tell how she was picked as a winner from the start by

other man's cigars until after the show, when they would ride home together.

Of course it could only end in one way. The other man—the discoverer of the legs—found it out, and sent her a note telling her he was through. She replied, asking him to come and see her once more, as she had something she wanted to say to him. He came and stood in the reception room, with his hat in his hand, until she was pleased to come down.

"I thought," she began, in a very even and composed tone, "that I would send for you and tell you that I never in my life cared a bit for you. It might make the parting easier, so far as you are concerned. And as we are about to separate, I think it is the proper time to suggest to you that I have several large bills which have yet to be paid."

"How much?" he asked, brusquely. "Five thousand dollars," she replied, coolly. He took his check-book out, filled in the figures, handed her the paper, turned on his heel and said:

"Good-morning."

"You are an ass," she replied. "Mary, show the gentleman out."

The question is: Was she right?

Miss Ada Lewis has made an enviable reputation as a tough girl, and while on the stage she appears familiar with all the wiles of the wicked ones. Yet she is a very innocent young woman. She was playing in Boston a short time ago, when she was introduced to a very nice young man, who said he was F. G. Edwards, a newspaper reporter. He was dressed in

the mode, and seemed to have so much money that the heart of the actress turned to him as willingly as the big, round, yellow eye of a sunflower turns to the sun. They became very friendly; so friendly, in fact, that the young man called on Miss Lewis at her rooms in a prominent hotel, took her to wine dinners after the show, and showed her many other little attentions. The last time he visited her he took with him when he departed a marquis ring, worth \$165. He may have taken it as a souvenir of a very pleasant acquaintance, and if these few lines meet his eye he will know that the young woman would like him to return her jewelry. She is at present with May Irwin's company.

Here's a queer thing.

Manager Bowles of the Edwin Foy "Little Robinson Crusoe" Company reported to the St. Louis police recently, that at the close of the play at the Olympic Theatre one night two men appeared at the stage door and asked for Ethel Yorke, a chorus girl. She went to see them, when they said they were policemen and came to arrest her.

She was placed in a hack and taken away. An inquiry at all the police stations showed that she was not arrested. The company left immediately for Indianapolis without Miss Yorke, and the police are searching for the kidnapers.

Ethel Yorke has been a chorus girl in extravaganzas and burlesque companies for several years. She joined Eddie Foy in the summer of 1894 on his first starring tour in an extravaganza entitled "Off the Earth." This summer Miss Yorke has been a member of the chorus in Foy's "Robinson Crusoe" company, which, previous to going on the road, appeared for several weeks at the Schiller Theatre, Chicago. Her last appearance in New York was with Foy's "Off the Earth" company at a Harlem theatre in the fall of 1894. At that time she was looked upon as one of the most attractive members of a chorus conspicuous for youthfulness and comeliness.

If anyone should happen to find Miss Yorke, Manager Bowles will be exceedingly obliged for her prompt return to the show.

Billie Barlow and her legs are before New York audiences once more. That she is a clever young woman New York already knows. Since she left a score or so of aching hearts among the chappies who used to haunt the stage door of the Casino, seven years ago, where she appeared in "The Gypsy Baron," and other comic operas, Miss Barlow has been nearly around the world and has returned to open at Proctor's New Pleasure Palace, on East Fifty-seventh street.

"I am delighted to be back here," she said, "for I feel quite at home in New York. The one thing that mars my happiness is that some of my songs on which I hoped to make a hit have already been sung by others. However, I have a lot of new ones that have never been heard in America, and some of them ought to go."

"What will I open with? I don't exactly know. I was thinking of 'Mashing the Band,' but I am told that something like that has been sung here lately. One of my favorites is 'I Want to Look as Well as You.' You know, I think every song should at least point a moral or adorn a tale. This one points a moral."

Miss Barlow has no trace of the cockney accent which is so marked in many of the London music-hall artists, and declares that she has frequently been taken in England and Australia for an American! She rather dreads the ordeal of the continuous performance, which is something new to her, and declares that she would much rather sing in four theatres a night than to sing in one three times a day.

Miss Pearl Andrews, who enjoys the distinction of being the daughter of ex-Street Cleaning Commissioner Andrews, of New York City, made her debut recently at Tony Pastor's Theatre, in Fourteenth street. That she is clever is made evident by the fact that she appears at that house. Poor attractions can never book with Manager Harry Sanderson.

Dorothy Chester, the English actress, who is at present stopping in New York, is all right, at least that is what the Police Commissioners say. She went horseback riding in the Park a short time ago, sitting astride like a man, and a policeman stopped her. Now the police say there is no law which prevents a woman from riding any way she likes on a horse.

The very latest is to have your voice give out; that is, if your play is a failure. Notice Della Fox. The music of her opera, composed and arranged by William Furst, who seems to have been careless, to say the least, smothered all the good work. So Miss Fox lost her voice for several days.

Some of these play ladies have hearts as tender as thirty-day chicks. Take Miss Louisa Behrens, for instance. She lives in Williamsburgh, and some time ago she said that Thomas McQuade, an actor, had stolen from her a \$200 diamond ring. He had pawned it, and was considerate enough to send her the ticket from his native town in New Hampshire. He wrote her a pathetic letter, in which he said he was sorry and all that sort of thing, but that he had a yearning to see the old farm again. So she forgave him, and took the ring out of lock.

Little Vesta Victoria has arrived from England in a most unostentatious manner. If you don't remember her, you will certainly remember her famous song of "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow." She came on the Umbria, and will open with Tony Pastor's company in Chicago shortly.

Zella Nicolaus will not wear tights! Awful, isn't it? The worst of it all is that those who profess to know say she has a beautiful figure. But wait. She may come to them before long, and then! Why, then, if you pay a little attention to the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE you will see how she looks.

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PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

**Mrs. Willis---Col. Pennington---
Flirtation---Trouble.**

HUSBAND WAS SUSPICIOUS.

**Annie Schultz's Experience with a Team
of Toughs in Bay City, Mich.**

LOUISVILLE LADIES WHO ROB.

When William J. Willis, of Buffalo, married a year ago beautiful Miss Nellie Haines, society turned out in force to give the young couple a good sendoff. It seemed as though the future was very bright for Mr. and Mrs. Willis, and all sorts of fine things were prophesied. Everything went well, apparently, until July 1, when Mrs. Willis met at Alden, N. Y., where she was visiting, a young Rochester man, with whom she spent a most pleasant afternoon. Before they parted the Rochester gentleman told Mrs. Willis she ought to meet his friend, Col. Pennington, who was stopping at the Tift House, Buffalo.

Everybody who frequents the Tift House knew Col. J. H. Pennington. He is a fine, military-looking gentleman. For some time past he has been a familiar figure on the streets of Buffalo, his sombrero and portly presence attracting attention at once. In colloquial parlance, "he had money to burn," and that fact did not detract from his popularity in any set in which he moved in Buffalo.

The appointment was made and the Colonel and Mrs. Willis became very intimate, and wine parties, carriage drives, and other pleasant diversions figured prominently in their intercourse.

The husband became suspicious and shadowing his wife, found her in a compromising position with the Colonel. The latter claimed he supposed she was a single lady and offered to settle for his conduct and take Mrs. Willis to South America and pay all the expenses of a divorce.

The offer was rejected and the intimacy continued to such an extent that Mrs. Willis was registered at the Tift House and assigned to a room connecting with Col. Pennington's. There the husband found her, and another violent scene ensued, the result being that Mrs. Willis has returned to her relatives and her husband has brought suit for divorce against his wife and for \$25,000 damages against the Colonel.

Annie Schultz, a young woman of eighteen years, who lives in Bay City, Mich., had an experience a few days ago which it isn't likely she'll forget as long as she lives. She went out for a walk on Columbus avenue, near her home, when she was seized by two young men, who threw her into a buggy and drove into the suburbs. There was only one house near that of Thomas R. Wilson, a longshoreman.

Miss Schultz was prevented from crying aloud by one of the men, who held his hand over her mouth. Finally the girl managed to jump out while the horse was trotting. She ran to a fence, where she held on and called for help. The men gaged her and were about to assault her, when Wilson came to her rescue.

After knocking down Wilson with a blow on the head the men escaped. When Miss Schultz reached her home, an hour later, she was almost prostrated by her awful experience.

Mr. G. C. Gray, of Louisville, Ky., is a nice old gentleman, who would attract attention anywhere, but it seems he isn't so old but what he has a lot to learn. He wandered away from his home on West Market street a few nights ago, and incidentally he strayed out of the path of virtue. It must have been an evil, hypnotic influence which caused him to knock at the outer portal of the place of sin on Grayson street, kept by Alice Redd, who is not particularly famous for her virtues. He was taken in most willingly by the gentle Alice, who received him with open arms. He doesn't know himself just how long he was in the house, but he does know that when he came out he was shy \$20. That was more than he felt like enduring. So he at once reported his loss to Patrolmen Collins and Dorn, and pointed out Alice Redd as the woman who robbed him. The policemen then put her under arrest, charged with grand larceny.

Here is a story which comes from Goshen, N. Y., which reads like a romance:

David Oliver, having found his sister Lizzie, is now searching for a missing brother, Frank, who has been missing for fifteen years. Frank and Lizzie are twins and the youngest of nine children. Their mother is dead. Their father is living, but where the family does not know.

The twins were placed in the Hulse family when babies, and lived for a number of years in Newark. Lizzie was adopted while quite small by Mr. Berdan, of Lake View, N. J., but does not know what became of Frank.

David began the search for the missing children when their grandfather died leaving an estate which, without the homestead, is expected to net each heir \$15,000. He employed detectives, but without success. Recently there was a wedding in the family of

the Newark Hulses, and a notice of it appeared in a daily paper. David called on the family and found that they were the persons for whom he had been searching. They directed him to the Berdons, of Lake View, where he met his sister, who was employed in a Paterson silk mill. She is now with him on the old Orange County homestead of the Oliver family.

One of the strangest features of the case is that Lizzie and her brother Joe have long known of each other. He was a fireman on an Erie passenger train passing Lake View several times a day. He saw Lizzie and became much interested in her. She liked Joe's face and often went to the station when she knew his train would be there. Neither could find anyone to introduce them, and the acquaintance never grew to the speaking point.

Among the passengers taking the steamer Glen for South Haven, at the Williams dock, Chicago, Ill., last Saturday afternoon, were two well-dressed people, a man and woman, who evidently had no desire to be conspicuous, as they seated themselves in the most retired part of the steamer.

Just before the gangplank was pulled in an excited-looking woman, very warm and short of breath, rushed aboard. She darted an inquisitive glance at the groups of passengers, who in turn eyed her curiously. Her manner was at once so determined that the crowd, scenting a sensation, followed in her wake.

Nor were the curious passengers mistaken, for as soon as she espied the man and woman huddled together in the bow of the boat she rushed angrily toward them. They appeared very much surprised by her unexpected appearance, and simply gazed up appealingly.



COURTED BY THE COLONEL.

"You impudent hussy!" she cried, ferociously. "Where are you going with my husband?"

"Don't! Don't!" pleaded the husband.

"You scamp!" she exclaimed. "To go off and leave me and the children for this creature!" and she looked fiercely at the pair cowering before her.

Suddenly, and as if impelled by divine inspiration, he cried: "Say, I'll tell you what to do. I'll get another ticket and we'll all go over together!"

The outraged wife looked at him with suppressed fury.

"Well," he responded, weakly, "let her go home and you and I will go."

"With this crowd?" queried the wife.

For the first time he became aware that the domestic troubles had been observed, and he sank back, while a cold perspiration broke out on his brow.

But his wife grasped him by the arm and dragged him along, exclaiming:

"That woman can go to South Haven by herself. You come with me," and she departed with her unhappy spouse. A moment later the forsaken woman, unable to bear the scornful remarks of the passengers, made a hasty departure.

PYTLASINSKI.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A few weeks ago the POLICE GAZETTE, in an article telling of Ernest Roebber's exploits abroad as America's representative wrestling champion, referred to an episode which involved the defeat of the Russian champion, an assault upon Roebber by the wife of his victim, the subsequent arrest of the American champion, and his official protection by the police of the Empire. The defeated champion's name was Pytlasinski. He is a giant in stature, symmetrically built, and one of the strongest men in the Empire. Roebber threw him in one minute.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

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END OF A GUILTY LOVE.

**Flav Welsh Kills Himself and
Edna Earl, at Visalia, Cal.**

EDNA HAD DESERTED HIM.

**She Feared He would Kill Her and
Asked for Police Protection.**

THEY MET DEATH SIDE BY SIDE.

It seems as if there would never be an end to the same old story of love, suicide and murder. The love that ought to have the effect of making life easier and lives happier, seems, more than half the time, to make maniacs of men and idiots of women. From Visalia, Cal., comes the latest story. The tragedy occurred in that part of Visalia known as Spanish town. The man in the case was Flav Welsh, and was a bartender and gambler, as the humor took him. When he was broke he tended bar. The woman whom he killed before he put an end to his own worthless existence was known about town as Edna Earl, but her right name was Ella Dunlin. She came from Sonora, Cal., where her brother is at present living. Her life had not been a blameless one, and it seems as though the manner of her taking off was a most fitting one.

Welsh's mother lives in Hanford, where he formerly lived. Two years ago he met Edna Earl there and lived with her. He had a wife and daughter there at the time, but a

Another brother, Frank Welsh, is also a respected citizen, long a resident here, but now living in Southern California.

The wife of the murderer and suicide was formerly Miss Josie Scoggins, daughter of a respected rancher of the Seventy-six country.

Some four years ago Edna Earl came to Hanford with a record following her from Fresno. She was in many respects a handsome woman. F. J. Welsh was then in the saloon business, an occupation for which he left a good farm against the protest of his wife. He met Edna Earl and became infatuated by her. Their meetings became more frequent, and his wife became suspicious that all was not right, as it frequently occurred that Mr. Welsh spent his nights away from home.

He manufactured excuse after excuse, but finally his wife met him face to face on the streets with the Earl woman. From that time on their trouble increased. To appease his wife Welsh decided to her the family residence in this city and promised to cease his attentions to the woman, a promise he did not keep.

Welsh subsequently took a trip East, and it is known that Edna Earl accompanied him as far as Colorado. On his return divorce proceedings were instituted, but a compromise was effected whereby the proceedings were squashed, and Welsh agreed to pay a monthly allowance of \$20 toward the support of his wife and daughter. He has been separated from his family several months, during which time he has not paid a cent of the amount agreed upon.

It is known that Welsh has spent many hundreds of dollars upon Miss Earl, and finally, broken down in health, ruined in business and having squandered what means his old mother could raise by mortgaging her home, the woman left him. He returned from Stockton last week. Miss Earl having been forced to abandon her traffic here by the authorities, had moved to Visalia, where Welsh went and ended the chapter of his checkered career.

TONY BARKER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Tony Barker, of the athletic team of Levy & Barker, of Brooklyn, is one of the greatest athletes America has ever had. Barker is developed from head to toe, and in his performance he allows four large-sized men to hang from his hair while he walks off the stage with them. Another wonderful feat is swinging his partner by the teeth—who weighs 175 pounds—around the stage like a toy. Also another feat, but not the least, is Barker lying on his back upon the floor, and to allow a man of 200 pounds to get upon a chair which is placed upon two tables, making a height of eight feet, jump down heavily upon Barker's stomach. This feat is done to show his powerful stomach development. In weight-lifting and boxing Barker holds a splendid record.

MAC LEVY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mac Levy performs wonderful feats of strength in weight lifting, etc. Levy being nineteen years of age, shows a magnificent muscular development for one so young, but is steadily training himself, and to-day shows wonderful skill in his performance of handling and juggling weights in hundreds of pounds. Levy uses a barbell of 150 pounds in his act which he handles with great ease, swinging with one hand over his head, also lowers his body till he is lying flat upon the floor and then getting up to a standing position. This feat is performed only with one hand. Levy's system of exercise has been home made and claims that anybody can become strong by proper care and exercise.

FOUGHT IN THE CORRIDOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A free fight in which four children, two women and a man were the principals took place in the corridor outside of Police Court 4, San Francisco recently. A few days previous Margaret Wehrle had her husband arrested on a charge of failure to provide for his four minor children.

When the parties to the action, with their witnesses, reached the corridor, the husband and wife began to vilify each other. Mrs. Wehrle became so excited that she made an attack on Mary Balbani, a woman whom she claims has alienated her husband's affections. The man interfered, and in the fight that followed Mrs. Wehrle received a blow that retired her from the combat. The husband took advantage of this lull to seize two of the children and make his escape from the hall.

Later in the day Miss Balbani tried to get a warrant for Mrs. Wehrle's arrest on a charge of battery, but Judge Low refused to issue it.

KILLED HIS MOTHER

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Dr. E. M. Remington and his mother, Mrs. Mary E. Remington, who lived at 150 Whittington avenue, Hot Springs, Ark., were found dead in their home recently. Mrs. Remington's skull was crushed in and her throat was cut. The body was in an advanced stage of decomposition. A sack of flour lay across her throat, soaked in blood. The body of Dr. Remington was in an adjoining room, lying upon the floor. He had opened the arteries of his arms with a dissecting knife.

Under the woman's bed was a dull axe and cleaver, which had been used for severing the neck arteries. Near Dr. Remington's body lay the bistoury, with which he had cut his arteries, also a hypodermic syringe, with a quantity of opium and cocaine in it.

FRED S. STAFFORD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Dallas, Tex., is a city of thriving industry and consequent prosperity. It is the young men of the place who are responsible for the satisfactory condition of affairs. One of these is Fred S. Stafford, who is well known as a hustler and a live man. He has associated himself with Jack Everhardt, the Southern lightweight pugilist, and the two will within a few weeks open a swell saloon and cafe in Dallas. This place will be the resort of the sporting men from the North who attend the big fight.

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FANNIE EVERETT.

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KILLED HIS MOTHER.

DR. E. M. REMINGTON, OF HOT SPRINGS, ARK., MUTILATES HIS AGED MOTHER WITH AN AXE.



FOUGHT IN THE CORRIDOR.

MRS. WEHRLE, HER HUSBAND AND MARY BALBANI MIX IT UP IN A LIVELY MANNER IN SAN FRANCISCO.

VIOLET'S ROMANTIC LIFE.

Marries a Deer Isle, Me., Lad
then Weds a Musician.

HER MYSTERIOUS FORTUNE.

She Leaves Her Ohio Husband to Return
to Her First Love in Maine.

HER GREAT HYPNOTIZING BEAUTY.

In the storm-beaten little fisher village of Deer Isle, Me., the unpretentious folks are talking of Everett Haskell and his city wife, and their strange adventures. This Everett Haskell, the youngest son of a Deer Isle fisherman, left home and the habits and life of his father and grandfather twelve years ago and went down to Boston to seek his fortune.

After a year's hard struggle he got a place in a photograph gallery, and at the end of five years—that is, six years ago—he was able to start a place of his own at Cornhill and Court streets, Boston. One day there came into his gallery a pretty woman of perhaps twenty years. She was dark, with great dark eyes and a smile of singular sweetness. She was an amateur photographer, and wanted him to develop some pictures for her. He did that and other work, and they were soon well acquainted.

She said her name was Violet Earle, that her father and mother lived in New Orleans, and that her dark skin, eyes and hair came through her mother, a Spanish woman. She was lonely in Boston, but never intended to go back home. He fell madly in love, and on Dec. 7, 1889, they were married. For the few next years Everett Haskell wondered what he had done to deserve such happiness.

In November, 1890, a little girl was born to them and they called her Ethel.

It wasn't very long before Haskell's health began to fail. His wife straightway made him give up his gallery in Boston and go away into Nova Scotia, where the air was better. There a boy was born to them to live only two weeks. In the fall of last year they went back to Boston, and young Haskell went to work with his old energy. But before the winter had set in he was down in bed.

For three months his wife was at his bedside day and night, except when she was overlooking the assistant in the gallery which gave them the means of living. She nursed him, in spite of his urgings, until she was on the verge of a break in health herself. Then he was moved to the Boston Hospital. She was with him every evening, spending her days at the gallery. In May she took him out of the hospital and journeyed north with him to Deer Isle. When they had been settled there three days, a letter came from Boston. She said it was from the woman who kept the children's boarding school at Somerville, Mass., where they had left Ethel. The child was very ill.

May 20 she was at a Boston hotel, registered as Mrs. J. H. Brister. She had a maid with her, and began to live in the style of a woman of fortune. She gave out that she was the wife of a Cincinnati professor of music. It was not known then, but it came out afterwards, that while Everett Haskell was in the hospital this professor was in Boston and was a daily visitor at the Haskell photograph gallery.

From Boston she went to Cincinnati, and on July 25 she was married to Prof. Brister. The announcement in the papers read that Prof. Brister had married Miss Violet Haskell, a Boston heiress, said to be worth \$125,000. As Brister was poor, his friends felt that he had fallen into great luck.

Three weeks after Violet Haskell went away Everett Haskell's mother got a badly written letter from Newport, Ky., which is across the river from Cincinnati. The first part of the letter, dated May 30, said that Violet was then visiting the writer and had fallen ill, and was at the point of death. The second part of the letter, dated June 1, said that Violet had died at 3 o'clock that morning with her husband's name on her lips, and that she would be buried June 3. The letter was signed "Mrs. Emerson Baker," and gave an address from which further information as to Violet's death could be got—the Brister dovecote in Cincinnati.

Everett Haskell fainted at this news. When he came to, he said: "Am I still alive? I do not care to live, not even for Ethel." And he grew worse steadily, although the strong, fresh air of his native island had been reviving him. A few days later came a second letter announcing that Ethel, too, had died of the same fever that had killed her mother. The first blow had done the worst. The second blow, a lighter sorrow by comparison, made no impression upon Everett.

In the first of this month came a friend with a copy of the newspaper despatch announcing the marriage of the beautiful Boston heiress, Violet Haskell, to Prof. Brister. But Everett Haskell refused to believe that it was his wife. The friend journeyed to Cincinnati and fluttered the Brister dovecote. He found that Violet Haskell had renewed her girlhood. She was more beautiful, more earnest, more innocent-looking than ever.

"Oh, yes," she said, "but my husband is dead. I am sure of it."

But when the friend of Everett Haskell proved to her that her husband, though at the point of death, was still living, her eyes filled with tears.

"I must go to him immediately," she said; "I must not waste a moment."

And that evening she started East, and on Aug. 21 she and the little girl reached Deer Isle and went straight to the cottage where the deserted husband lay. The meeting was of a most affectionate character.

"I do not deserve to be suspected," she said. "Your brother Charlie wrote me that you were dead. See here!" and she showed a folded sheet of paper, apparently worn from much folding and unfolding. She read it aloud:

Boston, June 3.

DEAR SISTER: Will you send mother some money, for I can't send any. I am hard up. Of course we do not expect you to do all, for Everett is gone, and you will surely not see the old folks suffer. Send some money as quick as you can, and God will bless you. Everett died in convulsions. It's just about killed father. I am working. Hope you and Ethel are well.

CHARLES HASKELL.

81 Mass. ave., Cambridgeport.

The husband looked eagerly at the writing, then pushed it away. It did not look like his brother's handwriting. "I don't know," he said, "never mind what they say. There is only one thing worth talking about. I lost you and I have you again."

Brister is in Cincinnati and refuses to say anything about his missing wife. She insists that she has a fortune and that it came from her parents in Louisiana, but she will give no details. Charles Haskell denies that he wrote the above letter, and the handwriting is not his.

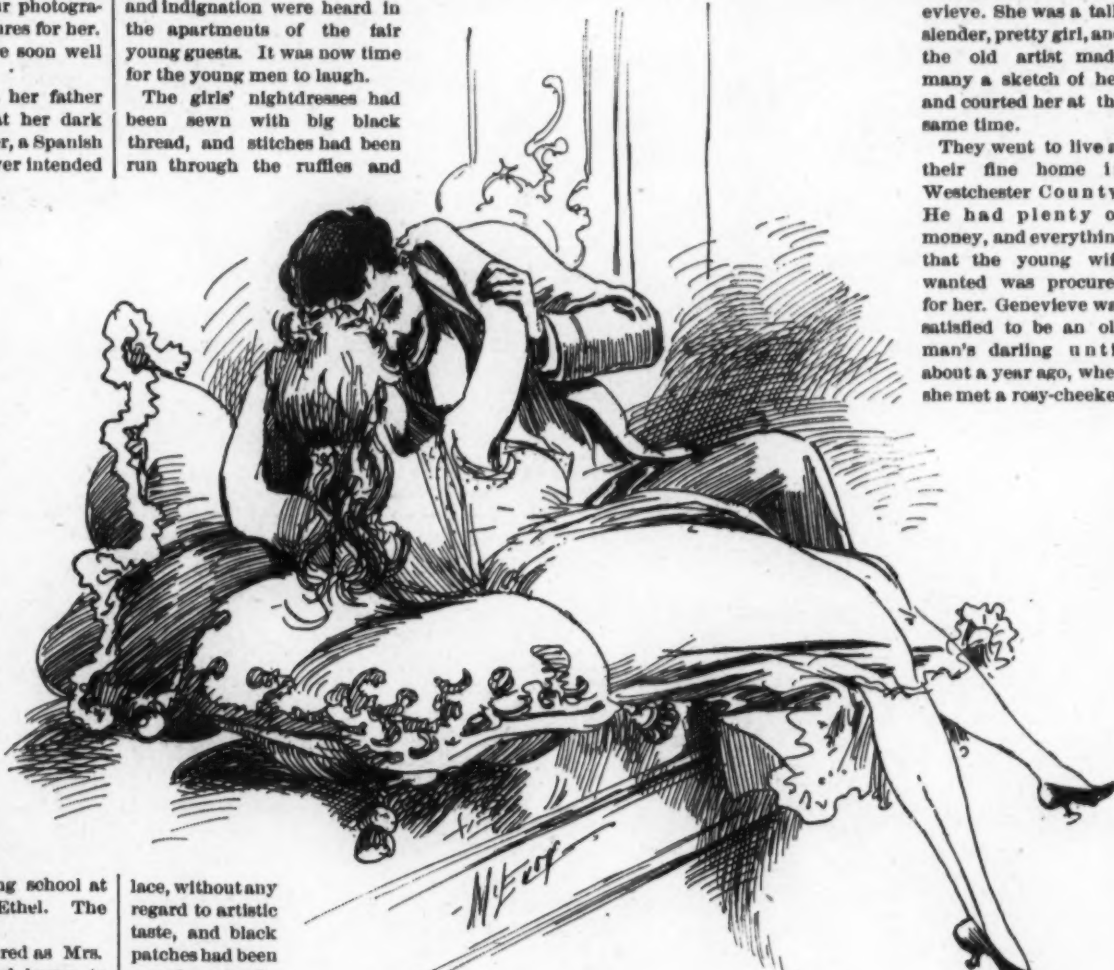
SEWED UP THEIR NIGHTGOWNS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

During the past few days and nights there have been high old times among the guests of the Manor House, at Hillsdale, N. J. Many of the guests are young New Yorkers and Brooklynites, and the young women have tried to outdo the young men in making each other the victims of practical jokes. One night recently, when the young men went to their rooms, they could not get into their night robes, the sleeves of which had been sewed up and the garments mutilated. The girls giggled the next day, and the young men threatened to get even.

When the girls retired to their rooms, a night or two ago, exclamations of surprise and indignation were heard in the apartments of the fair young guests. It was now time for the young men to laugh.

The girls' nightdresses had been sewn with big black thread, and stitches had been run through the ruffles and



THEY LIVED TO LOVE.

lace, without any regard to artistic taste, and black patches had been sewed on to despoil the beauty of the delicate articles.

A few of the girls made the best of the situation and said they would take the tampered garments back to their homes as souvenirs.

Others gave vent to their feelings by saying that the young men were "just too fresh." Every one is now on the lookout for further developments.

LOVELY WOMAN'S BLOOMERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

It is to be expected, in this era of the new woman, that one startling innovation will follow another in rapid succession. The most recent is the Emancipation Tea, given in Springfield, O., recently, by Mrs. Rolla Guy and Mrs. Edgar Patrick, at the home of the latter in Mechanicsburg, O., a few miles from Springfield. There were twenty-five guests, maids and matrons, and they were all arrayed in bloomers, to compete for the prizes offered for the best-dressed woman and the one wearing the jauntiest bloomers. The winner was Mrs. Lewis Burnham, who wore red and black trouserettes. In the evening the party adjourned to the spacious lawn and indulged in athletic sports.

FANNIE EVERETT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

From sketch work to the leading part of a big burlesque company is a big jump. It has been made—and successfully, too—by Fannie Everett. As a sketch artist she was clever; as a burlesque lady she has shown wonderful ability. At present she is with the Mico City Club Burlesque Company, which is at present meeting with considerable success in town.

MAURICE MEYER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Maurice Meyer, whose portrait appears this week, is a very well-known New York lawyer. He is a good, clever talker, and has appeared as counsel in a great many famous cases. He has an office in the Pulitzer Building.

MAN'S WORST ENEMY! An Unfaithful Wife. By Paul de Kook, one of the most famous French authors. No. 10 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Illustrated with 32 unique pictures. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, to any address, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.

FLED WITH A YOUNGER MAN

Genevieve Chapman Elopes with
a Baking Powder Agent.

CHAPMAN TOO OLD FOR HER.

He Caught Her at the Railroad Depot,
But it Made no Difference.

POLICE COULD NOT HELP HIM.

When a woman falls in love with a man who is not her husband, there is bound to be trouble sooner or later. It may be stood off for a little while, until her simmering passion reaches that stage of white heat where it must boil over or burst, but it is only a question of time.

John Lindon Chapman is an artist, and has made a small fortune out of his profession. He lives in a pleasant country home on Pelham road, in Baychester, N. Y. He is sixty-six years old, and has a long, luxuriant gray beard like Father Time's.

A few years ago he married a young woman with the

romantic name of Genevieve. She was a tall, slender, pretty girl, and the old artist made many a sketch of her and courted her at the same time.

They went to live at their fine home in Westchester County. He had plenty of money, and everything that the young wife wanted was procured for her. Genevieve was satisfied to be an old man's darling until about a year ago, when she met a rosy-cheeked

in a precarious condition as the result of an assault made on her by Mrs. Lizzie Halliday and another inmate named Jane Shannon.

From the time that Mrs. Halliday has been in the asylum, where she was sent after having her sentence commuted, until recently she has been an exemplary prisoner, except on one or two occasions.

About two months ago Kate Ward, who is an attendant in the woman's ward, lost some keys. The patients were searched and the keys found in Mrs. Halliday's possession. The probabilities are that the attendant from that time was a little severe on Mrs. Halliday. The other day as Miss Ward was about to go out she was attacked.

Miss Shannon, who is a heavy, powerful woman, jumped on the attendant's breast and cruelly assaulted her. Mrs. Halliday pulled a handkerchief from her pocket and used it as a gag to stifle the struggling woman's cries. Miss Shannon continued her stamping and beating while Mrs. Halliday tore the attendant's hair and buried her nails in her flesh.

It is probable that death would have resulted but that Bessie Fairbanks and other inmates, hearing the struggle, rushed to her assistance. Even then Mrs. Halliday and Miss Shannon kept up the struggle. They dragged Miss Ward into the women's ward and back again into the chapel, where they were finally subdued by an attendant named Hess. The victim was unconscious, and only slight hopes are entertained for her recovery.

WILLIAM MILLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

For the past twelve years William Miller has been proprietor of the Corn and Flour Exchange barber shop, Baltimore, Md. Besides, he has been president three successive terms of the Barbers' Association of Baltimore. He is also a prominent member of Baltimore Lodge, No. 7, of Elks, or the only Elk barber in Baltimore.

CHARLES S. BERRY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Perhaps one of the most prominent citizens and undoubtedly one of Chicago's most useful ones, is Mr. Charles S. Berry, a young detective, who has distinguished himself by his many clever captures. His evolution from a railway agent in a Columbus (Ohio) depot, a little over a dozen years ago, to the foremost detective in Chicago of to-day, reads like a fable; but of such surprises and successes is Chicago composed. He started out in life as a ticket agent at the Union station in Columbus, which afforded him just the opportunity he craved for asserting people and studying the characteristics of criminals. His success was such that he was soon appointed to a position at the Columbus penitentiary, and here his genius asserted itself emphatically. In a short time he found himself in the larger field of Chicago, first in charge of a number of private cases. He next entered the secret service of the city. It was Charles S. Berry who routed the notorious Garfield race track gang and closed that dive of the desperate. His services in the adjustment of the distressing difficulties between capital and labor of recent years are well known, especially so in the particular cases of the famous carpenters' strike for minimum wages and eight hours a day; the Dibble Company turmoil; and the various railway employee squabbles. He has the faculty of winning the respect and confidence of even those whose interests he does not advocate, and in this wise has amicably settled many a threatening strike without the sacrifice of property and life, and averting sore distress. To mention Mr. Berry's triumphs in detail would consume too much space, but the turning point of his Chicago career was unquestionably the pursuit and capture of one of the most noted of modern embezzlers, who fled with \$30,000 of a law firm's money into the northern wilds and was trailed by Berry disguised as a cowboy. The residence porch climbers of last winter were exterminated by the Berry agency, and nearly or quite \$100,000 worth of seal-skins, silver and jewelry recovered. This gang had defied the city forces and narrowly escaped murdering several less alert detectives. Altogether the Berry agency has fairly distinguished itself, and there is no small wonder that its clientele embraces the swiftest families of the city whose residences times without number have been plundered and their valuables restored entirely unknown to the public. Mr. Berry is equally at home in the service of swiftness, the same as when smoothing the troubled waters of capital and labor or relentlessly pursuing absconders.

Mr. Berry lives at 2,413 Michigan avenue, and he owns a house at Orland, Ill., where he entertains on a most lavish scale. He is a member of the Marquette Club, and he is said to be one of the most fashionably dressed men in Chicago at present. Mr. Berry is touring the world in company with a friend, Mr. G. J. L. de Bruyn.

G. J. L. DE BRUYN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Those who know him very well say that Mr. de Bruyn is a genial, jolly good fellow. He is with Mr. Berry on his tour around the world. They make a good team and it is fair to assume that nothing of importance will be missed by either the subject of this brief sketch or his Videocq companion.

RHEINHOLD BUSSE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In these palmy days of sport there are hundreds of applicants for honors on field and track. Among the most successful of these is Rheinhold Busse. He has won already over 200 cups, trophies and medals. His latest achievement was the winning of the second prize at the State Schutzen Fest, held recently on Long Island. He is the proprietor of the Busse House, in West Twenty-fourth street, New York city.

JOSEPH I. STETZEL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait given on an accompanying page is that of Joseph I. Stetzel, who is one of the most popular firemen running out of Indianapolis. By strict attention to duty he has won the regard of his superiors, and is now in line for promotion.

ONE OF FOLLY'S QUEENS!

A Modern Siren. No. 17, of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A tale of man's duplicity and woman's folly. From the French of Ernest Daudet, with 66 sensational illustrations. Price 50 cents, sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

ATTACKED BY MAD WOMEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Kate Ward, an attendant at the Matteawan State Hospital for the Criminal Insane, at Fishkill, N. Y., is

EXTRA!**DEFENDER WON THE RACE.**

Led Valkyrie Across the Finish
Almost Nine Minutes.

CHEERS FOR THE VICTOR.

Dunraven's Boat was Beaten in Both
Windward and Leeward Work.

SURE TO WIN THE AMERICA'S CUP.

VICTORIOUS Defender,
Hail!

Before the exultant gaze of 40,000 patriotic enthusiastic spectators, the yachting pride of America vanquished the best boat that England could send over, to win back the long coveted trophy, emblematic of yachting supremacy. The Defender won, and as the news floated over the

land a thrill of delight went through seventy million hearts.

Nobly fought, Valkyrie!

Right gallantly did she struggle to establish the supremacy of England's nautical art, and well may her owners and their countrymen be proud of their beautiful creation. But it was ordained that the queen of the sea should be an American craft, and woe unto the nation that disputes the will of fate!

And the triumph was ours!

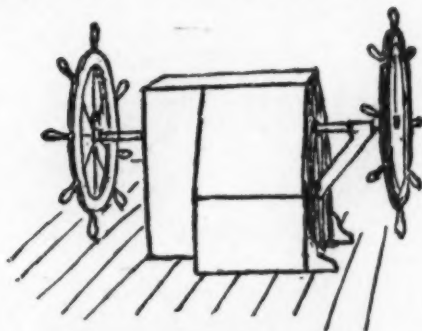
The story of the first race of the series is not a difficult one to relate.

The Defender was conspicuous through being painted blue. As the two yachts were together it was seen how much bigger the Valkyrie was than the Defender, and her sails, too, were in far better shape than those on the American boat.

The manoeuvrings were very pretty, and tack as the Defender might Valkyrie had the weather berth. At 12:10 the preparatory signal was given. Both yachts were then east of the line. They jibed and the Valkyrie crossed between the two stake boats. Then hauling to the north she wore ship and came down for the line. Capt. Haff was just too soon for her. He luffed the Defender under the stern of the stake boat, forcing the Valkyrie to keep off. The Valkyrie was in the lead, but the Defender was a little to windward as they crossed. These are the times:

Valkyrie..... 12:20:46
Defender..... 12:20:50

Then came the first surprise of the day. The Defender had a No. 2 jibtop sail, while the Valkyrie only set a baby jibtop sail. They were both on the starboard tack, and the Valkyrie began to draw clear of the Defender and soon had daylight between the two boats. Fifteen minutes after the start the Valkyrie was 200 yards ahead. The Defender was a little to windward, but not enough to make up for Valkyrie's lead. On this tack the sea did not seem to bother the Valkyrie any more than it did the Defender, and she footed fast and easily through the water. They were heading to the north,



DEFENDER'S DOUBLE WHEEL.

and in spite of the light breeze were making good headway. The supporters of the Defender were blue, but they comforted themselves by saying the race was young yet.

At 12:40 the Defender went on the starboard tack, and was followed ten seconds later by the Valkyrie. Capt. Cranfield was not going to let the Yankee get away, and the tack gave him the weather position. After an hour's sailing the Valkyrie appeared to be a quarter of a mile in the lead, but the Defender was quite a little to windward of the Englishman.

The big fleet of steamers were following after the racers. They nearly all gave them plenty of room, but some would crowd in on the weather side, and the patrol boat would have to get them away.

The Valkyrie, at 2:47:20, tacked to port, and the two boats were drawing together. She only held the tack for a minute, when she went about again, the reason being that she could not get clear of the Defender. At 2:49 the Defender tacked to the starboard, and after three minutes' sailing on the tack the Valkyrie tacked again, and again the yachts were approaching each other on opposite tacks. This time the Defender crossed the Englishman's bows. This was at 2:56. Capt. Haff then spun the Defender about on the Valkyrie's weather bow, but Capt. Cranfield tacked at once to port and drew away.

The yachts at this time had sailed about ten miles

and the turning mark could be seen in the distance. The Defender tacked to port at 1:59 and both were on the same tack heading to the north.

This port tack was a long one. The Defender was given a little more of a full and began to draw up on the Valkyrie, as well as outpoint her. The wind had freshened a little and had hauled a point more to the south. It was anybody's race yet and showed that in light weather they were remarkably close together on the wind. The Valkyrie was being pinched, and for some unaccountable reason did not do so well. The Defender began to crawl up on the Valkyrie and was soon in the lead, as well as to windward.

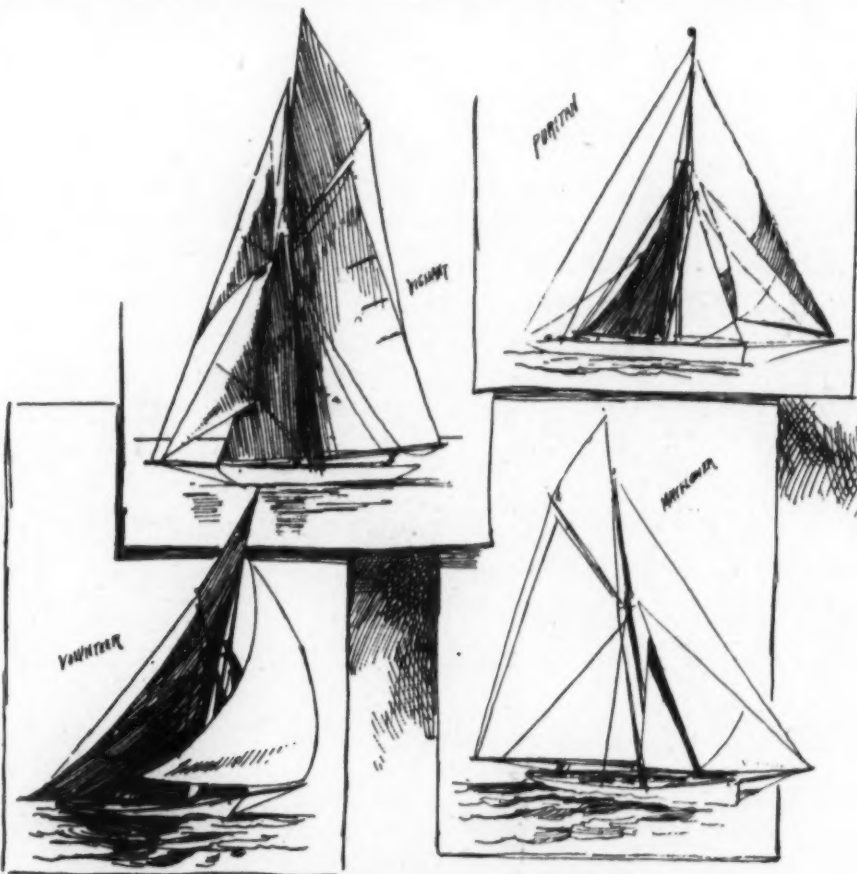
They held this long tack until they could weather the mark, and then both tacked for it at 3:25. The Defender was then a quarter of a mile in the lead, and on the last tack she increased the distance. At 3:30 the Defender's jibtop sail was taken in and the balloon sent up in stops. Valkyrie took hers in five minutes later, and sent her big sail up ready to break out on passing the mark.

The big fleet formed a circle around the mark, and the two racers drew down on it. As they turned they were timed as follows:

Defender..... 3:36:29
Valkyrie..... 3:39:52

Each yacht was given a good salute and a good send-off for the homeward journey. The American crew on the Defender were just as smart as the Englishmen in handling the balloon jibtop sails, and both were broken out as they passed the mark. The Defender's filled away at once, and drew well. It was several minutes before the Valkyrie's sail drew properly. The big excursion steamers around the stake and to windward broke the wind, and spoiled it for her. It seems strange these boats should always bother the yachts. They crowd them all over the course, and their skippers don't seem to realize that the wind can be spoiled a half a mile away.

After breaking out the balloon jibtop sails, staysails and jibs were taken in, and then the two were fairly on the course for home. The wind had hauled to the south-east, so the spinnakers could not be carried, thus spoiling the race somewhat. Instead of being a beat and a run, it was a beat and a reach. The Defender continued to draw ahead. Her balloon was trimmed so as to catch



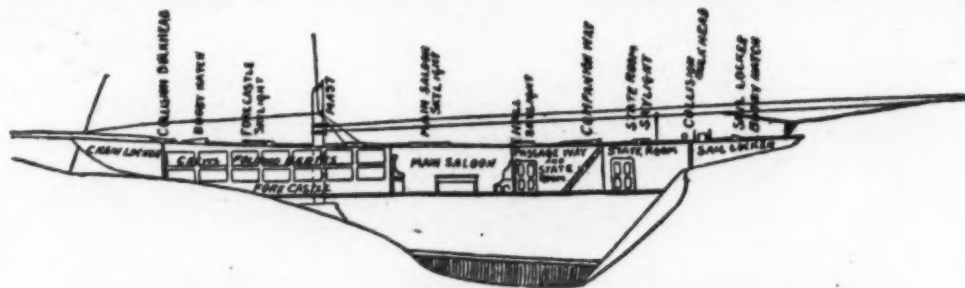
FAMOUS CUP WINNERS.

the wind perfectly, while the Valkyrie's was trimmed too flat, and did not do so well.

The Defender slowly but surely drew ahead and nearly doubled the distance that was between them at the outer mark. When near the finish it began to rain. The Defender crossed at 5:21:14 and was given a salute lasting several minutes from the steamers. Guns were fired and whistles blown, and some kept their whistles blowing until the Valkyrie finished at 5:29:30. The table is as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed time.	Cor'd time.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Defender.....	12:20:46	5:21:14	5:00:24	4:59:55
Valkyrie.....	12:20:50	5:29:30	5:08:44	5:08:44

So the Defender wins the first race by 8 minutes and 49 seconds. Both yachts went into the Horseshoe



SHEER PLAN OF DEFENDER, SHOWING INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT.

accompanied by their tenders and anchored for the night. The steam yachts, tugs and excursion steamers hurried back to the city.

The race was a surprise. Many thought in a light wind the Valkyrie would win. Lord Dunraven, however, says his boat is better in a blow. It is to be hoped that the wind will favor the yachts more in the coming races.

FULL OF FRENCH SPICINESS!

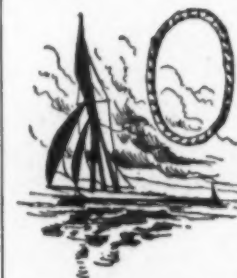
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DEFENDERS OF THE CUP.

For Forty-Four Years America
Has Triumphed.

RECORDS OF THE RACES.

An Interesting Yarn About How the
Trophy was Won.

BRITISH PLUCK VS. YANKEE NERVE.

NCE more the yachting world is in the throes of excitement over the outcome of an international race for the much coveted America's cup. While the POLICE GAZETTE is going to press the battle is being fiercely waged, the scene of the trouble being the bosom of fair Atalanta, contiguous to New York. It is timely,

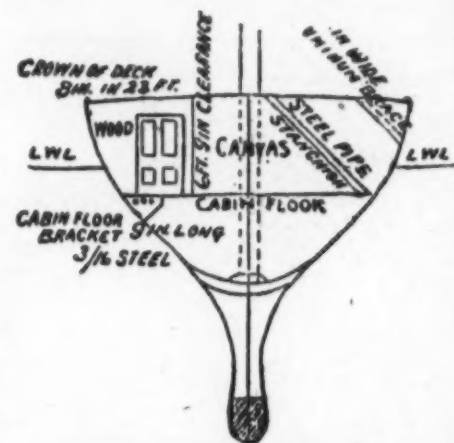
therefore, to say something about the boats and their owners that for forty-four long years have been instrumental in keeping the prized trophy on this side of the Atlantic.

Commodore Stevens and the schooner America are household words. The memorable race which struck

General Benjamin F. Butler. Under his ownership the America was in many exciting races, took several off-shore cruises, and added in other ways several very interesting chapters to her eventful career. Some time in 1886 the late Edward Burgess was commissioned by General Butler to make what alterations he deemed best to improve her speed.

He bolted a lead keel to her oak keel, changed her head rig and made other alterations which were extremely beneficial. At the death of General Butler she became the property of his son, Mr. Paul Butler, of Boston, a member of the Boston and Massachusetts Y. C. While she has not been in regular commission since then, she is to be seen for a while almost every summer in eastern waters. A checkered career, indeed!

Mr. James Ashbury's Cambria, the first of the challenging yachts for the trophy, came over in 1870. The opening contest was sailed Aug. 8, that year. New York did no business that day. Everybody was on the



MIDSHIP SECTION OF DEFENDER.

water. The fleet of the N. Y. Y. C. was opposed to the visitor. Mr. Franklin Osgood's schooner Magic was the winner and the cup was not disturbed.

Mr. James Ashbury again challenged for the cup the following year, 1871, with his schooner yacht Livonia, built at Cowes that year for the purpose of trying to win the cup. She is still a yacht, and belongs to J. G. Fay & Co., of Southampton. The Livonia was met by the schooner Columbia, built by Mr. Franklin Osgood to defend the cup. She was launched at Chester, Pa., in May of 1871. Five races were sailed, the Columbia winning the first and second and losing the third by being disabled. Then the Sappho, owned by Mr. William P. Douglas, was substituted as the defender, and she very easily laid low the pride and hope of Great Britain. The cup, of course, remained on this side of the Atlantic.

After five years, or in 1876, there was another challenge for the cup, this time from Major Charles Gifford, of Cobourg, Ont. The Canadians believed they had a chance to accomplish what their cousins in England had failed to do—win the trophy. The Countess of Dufferin was the yacht's name, and she was schooner-rigged. The N. Y. Y. C. placed the schooner Madeline against her. Two races sufficed for the Canadian craft, and the verdict was, "The cup was never in jeopardy."

Five years more elapsed, and the New York yachtsmen were not bothered by cup challenges. In 1881 another Canadian, Mr. Alexander Cuthbert, hailing from Belleville, Ont., sent the necessary documentary communications to the club, and his challenge was accepted. Against her was placed Mr. Joseph R. Busk's Mischief, that in those days was facetiously styled "Cary Smith's iron pot," as she was designed by that gentleman and was of iron. She had then been built two years. The Atalanta was badly used up by the Mischief in two races, and that settled another contest for the cup.

A lapse of four years, 1885, and Sir Richard Sutton arrived with the cutter Genesta. A new era of things, in a yachting sense, had dawned. The N. Y. Y. C. was not well prepared to meet the stranger. But luck continued with them, and Boston sent the defending craft—the Puritan, owned by J. Malcolm Forbes, General Charles J. Palmer and others, and designed by Burgess. The Genesta did not win, but it was a narrow escape for the club, and the cup was for a time really in peril.

Two years later Lieutenant Henn, with his Galatea, crossed the ocean to give the Americans another tussle. He wasn't successful, but he was a gentleman, a sailor man through and through, and made so many friends and kept them that at his death last year there was general regret expressed by the yachtsmen of this country. The cutter Galatea was met by another Boston boat, the Mayflower, owned by General Palmer. She was also designed by Burgess. The Galatea was badly beaten.

The days of the Volunteer and Thistle soon approached, as it was only the next year, 1887, when Mr. James Bell, owner of the latter, challenged for the cup. Boston again distinguished herself, and so did Gen. Palmer, as the owner of the defending craft Volunteer. Here also was seen the skill of Edward Burgess. The Thistle did not take the cup back.

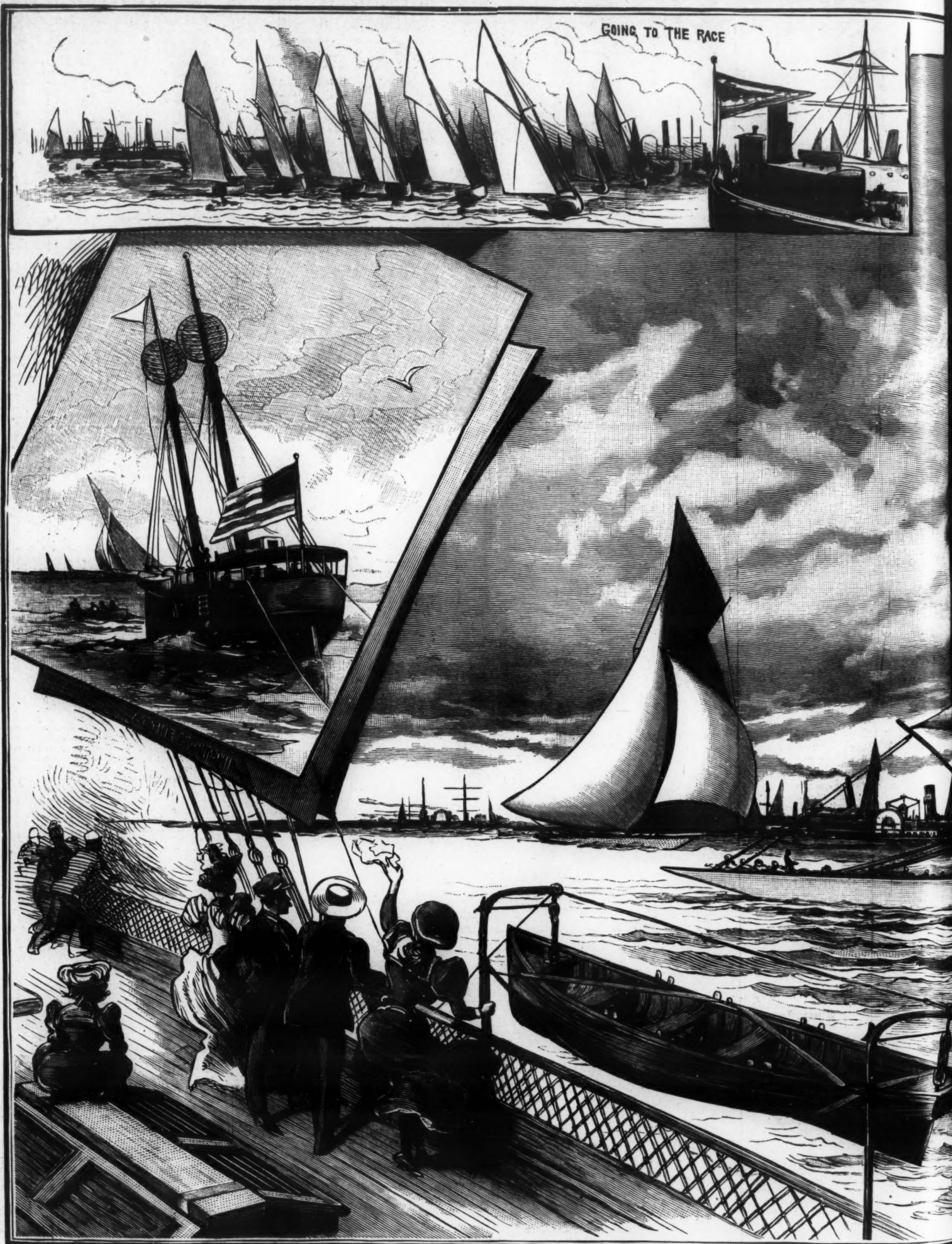
Fresh in the minds of all yachtsmen the world over are the Vigilant-Valkyrie races. America again won. The Valkyrie remained on this side of the Atlantic until last spring, when her return was ordered by Lord Dunraven, that he might have a season's racing with her. The Vigilant was bought by Mr. George Gould and sent across the ocean, that she might meet the best in British waters.

The Valkyrie was lost in a collision with the Satanita at the opening of the Clyde racing. Her hull was raised, but it could not be repaired, so it was sold at auction and then broken up. Relic hunters throughout Europe have portions of her hull, and it is believed they were hawked about the streets of Glasgow—an inglorious ending, indeed, to a really magnificent craft.

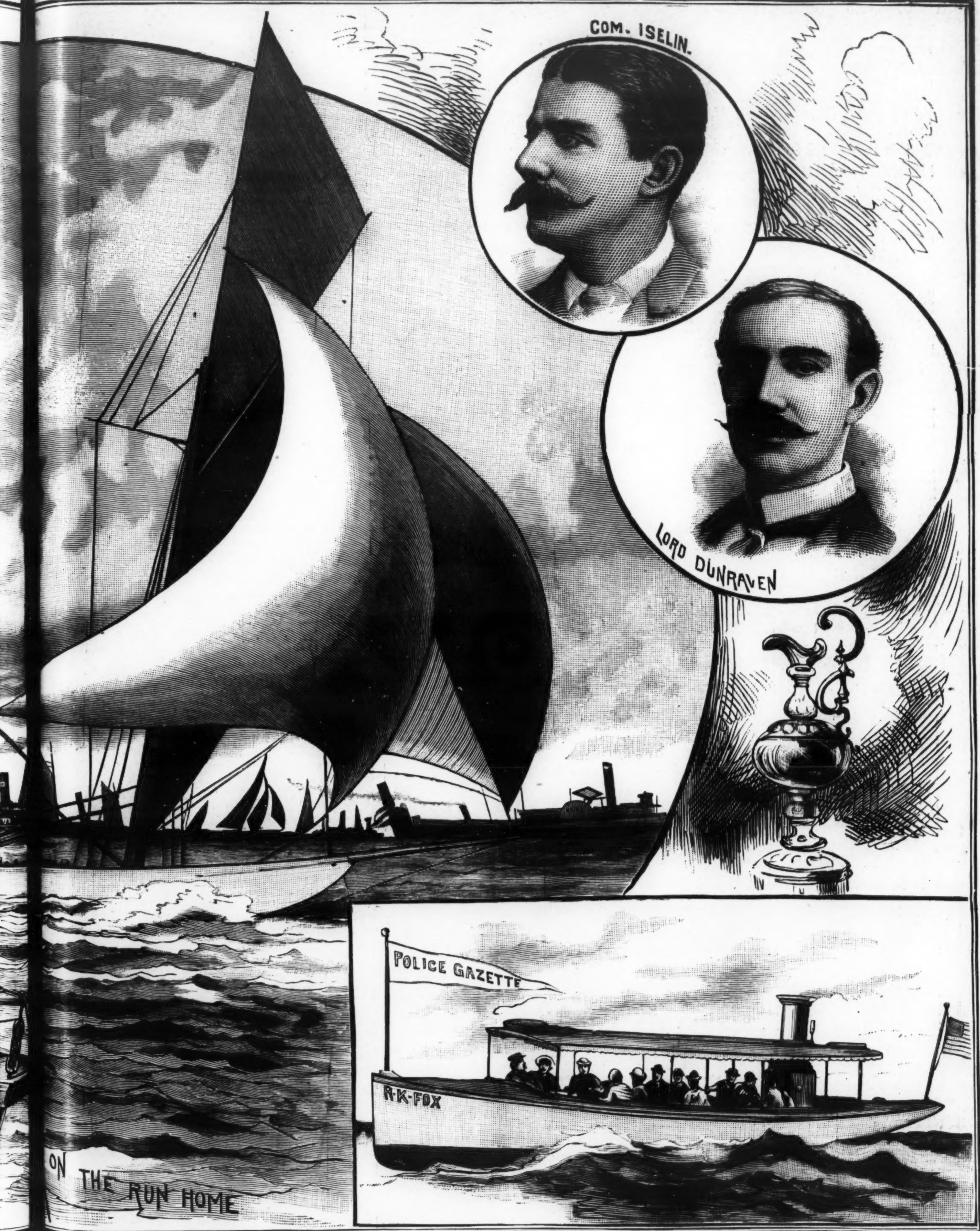
So here they are—challengers and defenders. It seems that Neptune himself has looked out for the American craft, as all but the Sappho can easily be found, and for many years yet it is likely will be in commission, and not be the slowest boats in the fleets they may meet.

GAYEST OF THE GAY!

"Paris by Gaslight." A graphic panorama of life in the merriest city on the face of the earth. By an old Bohemian. Describing the Jardin Mabille, life behind the scenes, etc. Fully illustrated. Price by mail, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



RACING FOR THE CH
VALKYRIE III. AND DEFENDER BATTLING FOR THE YACHTING GLO OF
THE FIRST RAC OF



THE AMERICA'S CHALLENGE CUP.

OF GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA--SCENES AND INCIDENTS DURING
OF THE SERIES.

SPORT OF ALL SORTS.

Events of Passing Interest that Merit Criticism.

GREAT BOOM FOR ATHLETICS

American Methods Analyzed and Criticized in Foreign Turf Circles

RACING CYCLISTS IN TROUBLE.

It begins to look as if August Belmont's sportsmanlike offer to enter Henry of Navarre in a series of special sweepstakes with Domino, Clifford and Key El Santa Anita would fall through. E. J. Baldwin is not over-anxious to race Key El Santa Anita, and there is a doubt as to whether Clifford will come in. In speaking of the proposed races Mr. Belmont said: "I would not race Henry of Navarre in a race the distance of which was less than a mile. I thought of a series of three races, one of a mile, which I believe to be Domino's favorite distance, although Mr. Keene thinks that Domino can go a distance another of a mile and a quarter, which would suit both Clifford and Key El Santa Anita, and a third race of a mile and a half, which I feel sure would bring out the best points in Henry of Navarre. I don't care what the money consideration is. What is agreeable to the other owners will suit me, and I don't care whether the associations on whose tracks the races are run add any money or not. What I wish is to have a series of races for the championship of the turf. A race of less than a mile would not be a fair test for 4-year-olds. I feel sure that the winner of the three races I propose would be the acknowledged king of the turf. I hope the races can be arranged." The Jockey Club will leave no stone unturned to bring about the series of championship races, but at present the outlook is anything but promising.

August Belmont is not having much luck with his equine purchases. Hastings, for whom \$27,000 was paid at the Gideon & Dale sale, and who was taken sick at Saratoga before the Fatority, is now lame.

"I had a veterinary surgeon examine him," said Trainer Joyner the other day, "and he says the colt has a spavin. I think he made a mistake, however."

Keenan, who was bought at the same sale, after being lame at Saratoga, is galloping again. It is not Mr. Belmont's present intention to start Keenan this year. If the big colt trains on next season he will probably be raced in England.

Mr. Belmont has secured the services of Jockey Griffin for next season. The terms of the contract are not known, but it was reported that Griffin was to get in the neighborhood of \$20,000 a year. "I would like to keep Henry," said David Gideon, "but I will have only a small stable next season. I do not know on what terms Mr. Belmont secured the boy, but I doubt very much if he gave as much as \$20,000. The earnings capacity of horses will be immensely reduced next season, and salaries will have to go down in proportion." A fourth interest in all the Gideon horses has been made over to John Hyland. It was a handsome recognition of faithful and intelligent services.

Fleetwood cleared \$10,000 on its meeting. The success of the old track cannot fail to give satisfaction to horsemen. Every effort was made to have the best racing, and many of the wealthy members offered extra inducements for trotters to go faster. The great pacing race between Robert J., John E. Gentry, Joe Patchen and Mascot was the prize card, though the great trot between



Asote, Klamath and Beuzetta was probably the best thing of the meeting. Asote won, but was forced to trot in 3:05 1/4. As for Beuzetta, she is one of the wonders of the trotting turf. That she has not reached her limit is certain. That a 4-year-old filly can make a great race with Asote, a 6-year-old, goes to show her greatness. In the hands of Orrin A. Hieok Beuzetta will not be overworked. She is sound, and had Nancy Hanks come to Budd Doble in a like condition "our Nancy" could have gone much faster. The histories of the three—Asote, Klamath and Beuzetta—have much to do with their power to draw crowds. The horse with a romantic history and great speed is always an object of interest. On every track, from his 3-year-old days until he broke down, Morello was a great card. At every turn Fleetwood aimed at one thing: To get the greatest attractions. To this may be attributed its success. A trotting association that can clear \$10,000 in a city where the sport was admitted to be dead must have been well managed. This, too, without pools and bookmaking. The "old" or "padding" system of betting can be used with the trotters with successful results.

Cabanne, Titus and Murphy, who since the ostracism of Johnson and Sanger, are now the most distinguished of American amateur cycle riders, are at last in trouble with Chairman Gideon and the L. A. W. racing authorities. It appears that at the recent diamond tournament held in St. Louis, Mo., there were three Class B events on the programme, and, according to two of the riders themselves, it was fixed that each of the three named should win one of the events. Cabanne, it is claimed, was to be allowed to take the mile open, the most important race, as this was his home. Murphy, however, as Cabanne and Titus assert, broke faith and carried off two of the races, while Terrill, a California man, honestly landed the third, thereby shutting out the two men named. Alex. Laling, a local amateur who heard the three Class B men discussing the races afterward, said that Murphy gave an explanation of his conduct, that his firm ordered him to ride out the race, having heard of the agreement. The matter has been called to the attention of the local member of the national racing board of the league, who will lift the charges thoroughly. He says if he finds the charges true it will go hard with the offenders, for it is the avowed policy of the racing board to prevent fraud of any kind in cycling racing. Offenders may be ruled off for life, or for a period proportionate with the offense, he says. The punishment is left by the racing rules to the discretion of the board.

Mr. Mike Dwyer's career in England has not yet ceased to furnish the turf critics there with food for reflection. One leading writer has this to say about the peculiarities of the Dwyer method of racing horses:

"The good or bad opinion that Mr. Dwyer may hold of anything is not a matter of moment either here or in America. The American

invasion of the English turf, as far as he is concerned, has come to an end. It was not an invasion for the Americans to be proud of, nor, as a matter of fact, do we associate it with the Americans as a nation. It was a filibustering expedition, and Mr. Dwyer is entitled to the amount of respect that is accorded to a filibuster, and no more.

"In no way can it be said that Mr. Dwyer represented the American turf, or, if he did, it was only the baser part of it. He represented it much in the same way that Mr. Walton did. He is a gambler pure and simple, and his horses were mere instruments of gambling. Furthermore, they were very inferior instruments at that. To send a lot of animals here as representative Americans, and then to run them in the most contemptible form of selling races, was to trail the American flag in the gutter. Mr. Dwyer had no right to do this.

"Between the miserable selling plate expedition of the gambler and the big and honorable campaign of such American gentlemen as Mr. Lorillard and Mr. Foxhall Keene there is all the difference in the world. The American nation in general, and the American turf in particular, have reason to be proud of the great performances of Foxhall and Foxhall in 1881. Messrs. Lorillard and Keene flew at the very highest game, and beat us at it. Foxhall's Cambridgeshire performance, indeed, still constitutes a record. Nothing could have been more hearty than the reception Foxhall met with after winning the Derby and St. Leger, and even undemonstrative Newmarket rose to the occasion when Foxhall achieved his great victory in the Cambridgeshire. We recognized in this combination first-class horses and first-class men.

"In the case of Mr. Dwyer and his horses we see neither, and were it not that he has the reputation of being one of the sharpest men on the American turf, we should say that he had absolutely no knowledge of horse racing. No brainless spendthrift, just come of age and possessed of a huge fortune that he did not know how to spend, ever placed his horses so badly, or gambled on them so recklessly, as Mr. Dwyer did here."

And yet, strange as it may seem, it was this very method of racing horses that enabled the brothers Dwyer to acquire the reputation of being the shrewdest firm of turf operators in America; enabled them to assemble together a stable of race horses peerless in comparison with those controlled by the Messrs. Keene and Lorillard, and put to their credit a bank account that was simply enormous.

The fact of the matter is that our British cousins don't like to acquire experience from Yankee sources, and Mr. Dwyer probably taught them a trick about racing horses that they were not quite up to. And yet Dwyer's methods could have been improved upon.

Whatever may be the outcome of the Defender-Valkyrie argument, there is every assurance that on Manhattan Field, in New York, Sept. 21, the British lion will have his tail twisted, and right vigorously, too. Affairs in the great international athletic meeting have progressed so far that an intelligent survey of the field may be made and the forecast promises that at sundown on the eventful day the American eagle will scream in triumph and the stars and stripes wave victoriously in the breeze.

While the meeting is called a match between the London Athletic Club and the New York Athletic Club it is really all Great Britain against all America. The original proposition was for a meeting between the crack teams of the two foremost athletic organizations in the world. Many champions of both countries were at the time bona fide members of the clubs, but as soon as the negotiations were brought to a successful conclusion the London Athletic Club reached for the prominent athletes of England, Ireland and Scotland, and the New York Athletic Club was not far behind in enrolling the best men of this country.

The Winged Foot management was just a bit more circumspect in its membership hunt than the English club. Eager and anxious to win this most important match, the New York Athletic Club people were yet a bit cautious about the company they sought, and at least one record-holder and sure winner of his competition was passed over because he did not come up to the necessary qualifications. The London Athletic Club, it seems, had no such scruples, for in enrolling F. E. Bacon, England's greatest distance runner, they offended so much on the social question that the ultimate result was a disruption of the originally selected team, and the British contingent that came over on the Aurania last week is short several of its best men.

This is to be regretted, for it will give John Bull an opportunity to excuse the defeat by the claim that things might have gone differently had it been a representative champion team.

So, even if Lord Dunraven should carry away the cup—the saluts forbid!—there will be some consolation in the wallowing John Bull will get on track and field. There is nothing absolutely certain in this world, but that America will win the international athletic honors is as near as you can get to it. It will be a magnificent struggle, however, worth travelling across the ocean to see. The British are game, at all events, and will die hard, so hard that, mayhap, fractions of running records will be strewn around the field when the battle is over.

The New York Athletic Club is to be commended for its sportsmanlike spirit in bringing about this great meeting. It has spared no expense to secure this country's best material to meet the Britishers—and the cost has been great. Of course, there is some aggrandizement in the venture, but the main object was, above all, to promote amateur sport.

Once more there is talk of a reorganization in methods concerning bicycle records. A competition record should be just exactly what its name implies, a record gained in an open competition, the only incentives to speed being contained in the little bunch of men riding in the race and not borrowed from outside sources, thus giving the race and the record a fictitious value. No one would deny the fact that a paced competition is a beautiful event from the grand stand and gate receipt point. It affords two chances for great struggling and game riding with the burst to secure the tandem and the finish down the stretch, when the tandem has swung wide and left the fleet ones to scurry home. But all that does not mean anything.

As a matter of fact, the only record which really means anything as showing what a man may do is the unpaced mile. It was tried at Springfield last year, and showed, as it could not help showing, who the best man was. But as for a spectacle or a sight to reduce silver dollars from men's pockets, it would not succeed in 100 years. The question comes to this: Are records and competition miles ridden to see how fast a man may go, to ascertain how few figures he may write his record in, or are they ridden to take money? In other words, is it the sport so hopelessly tangled up with the money end of it that it will never be untangled?

And yet the public would appreciate seeing a half dozen men placed on their wheels at scratch and sent racing from tape to tape for the best time and the hardest mile. The element of competition is there, which is all that is necessary to engage and hold the public interest, but to take out the pacemaker and give the public a chance to see what can be done without him.

DOMINO.

Jim McCoy, a Western middleweight fighter, is in New York looking for a match.

Casper Leon thinks he is giving away too much weight in agreeing to fight Sammy Kelly at 115 pounds. Leon fights at 105 pounds.

Sam Austin will officiate as judge of walking at the A. A. U. championship games, to be held at Manhattan Field on September 14.

Kid McCoy writes from Cincinnati to the "Police Gazette" that his recent victory over Dick Moore justifies him challenging anybody at 158 pounds. He will be in New York in a few days.

There is some talk of arranging a match between Mike Small, the 100-pound champion of England, and Jimmy Gorman, of Paterson. Small has a forfeit posted at the Police Gazette office.

Late advice from London tells us that Pedlar Palmer, the English bantam champion, has been taking on weight and cannot now fight below 113 pounds. He will be a good match for Sammy Kelly, if he decides to come over to America this fall. The latter, in a letter to the Police Gazette recently authorized a challenge to meet Palmer.

SETTLE ALL DISPUTES.

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W. J. K., Erie, Pa.—The record would be of no value.
W. L. MALONE, Chicago, Ill.—Portrait and record has been lost.
Send another.

G. R., Butte City, Mont.—Write to the Westminster Kennel Club, New York City, N. Y.
I. O., Seney, Mich.—Which is the oldest, James J. Corbett or Joe Choynski?.....Corbett.

M. W., Tugus, Mo.—Is there a centre tower to the Brooklyn Bridge?.....There is no centre tower.

J. M., Caldwell, Idaho.—What horse has the world's record, Bob Wade or Jim Miller?.....For what distance?

W. R., Baltimore, Md.—Give me a name for an athletic club....."Police Gazette" Athletic Club would be a good name.

J. W. G., Red House, N. Y.—How many retail liquor dealers are there in the United States?.....Your query is unanswerable.

W. L. L., Hooksett, N. H.—How many French Canadians are there in the prize ring business and who are they?.....Give it up.

G. W. M., Baltimore, Md.—What are some of the Italian strong boys' feats of strength?.....Write to Prof. Attila, care of this office.

W. E. T., Pocatello, Idaho.—The impression prevails here that Bob Wade has a record of 21 1/4.....No; the recognized record is the one given.

M. N. D., Waterbury, Conn.—Was Joe Walcott, the colored pugilist, ever whipped?.....Mike Harris once got a decision over him on points.

W. R. H., Philadelphia, Pa.—What are the measurements of Corbett and Fitzsimmons?.....They were published in POLICE GAZETTE No. 941.

F. J. W., Duncannon, Wash.—Is one card from the top of the deck or the bottom of the deck a legal cut in a game of cards when objected to?.....Yes.

J. E. S., Washington, D. C.—What was Robert Fitzsimmons' birthplace?.....Fitzsimmons was born at Eilston, Cornwall, Eng., June 4, 1862.

P. L. M., Tipton, Ind.—A bet that Corbett wins the fight, B bets that he doesn't. Supposing the fight a draw, who wins?.....Neither. The money is drawn.

KRAMER, Mayville, N. D.—Did Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett ever fight a draw?.....The decision was "no contest," but the result was virtually a draw.

T. D., Berlin, Wis.—Tom bets Salvatore's running record for a mile is 1:35 1/4; Davis bets it is 1:35. Which wins?.....Tom wins. Salvatore's time is 1:35 1/4.

I. J. K., Table Rock, Neb.—Give weight of both Corbett and Mitchell at the time they had their fight at Jacksonville, Fla.....Corbett, 185; Mitchell, 156.

SUMMERS.—In cutting cards for drinks or money is king high, or is ace high?.....King is high unless an agreement is made before the cut calling ace high.

A. C. C., Idaho, Kan.—Where did Jim Hall and Ted Pritchard fight, and when?.....They fought at Brighton, Eng., on Aug. 20, 1892, for \$10,000. Pritchard was knocked out.

POWELL.—How many rounds did Fitzsimmons knock out Choynski in?.....Choynski was not knocked out. Police interfered, and the decision was a draw in 5 rounds.

L. H. W., Deadwood, S. D.—A, B and C ran a foot race, in which there is first, second and third money; A and B tie for first place. Who gets first and second money?.....A and B.

J. McC., Brooklyn, N. Y.—A bet that the former site of the old Castle Garden was built for a fort. B bets that it was built for a place of amusement.....It was originally a fort.

T. V. G., Van Buren, Ark.—Was Peter Maher ever knocked out by Peter Jackson?.....Maher only spared two friendly rounds with Jackson in Dublin, the only time they ever met.

A. M., Crawfordville, Ind.—What are the measurements of Corbett and Fitzsimmons as they will appear in the ring on Oct. 31?.....Dimensions of both men in POLICE GAZETTE No. 941.

L. M.—Can you give me information as to where I can get a pair of carrier pigeons?.....Write to James Patterson, Twenty-second street and Seventh avenue, New York city.

J. G., Laurel Hill, L. I.—What is the record for walking from New York city to San Francisco. Is there any purse offered?.....1. There is no authentic record. 2. No purse is offered.

J. Albany, N. Y.—Who is the champion pugilist of the world?.....There is no world's champion heavyweight, although Corbett comes nearest to being the rightful claimant to the title.

W. M. R., Merrickville, Ont.—How many rounds were fought in the fight between Sullivan and Kilrain? Did Sullivan vomit in the ring?.....1. Seventy-five rounds. 2. Yes, in the 44th round.

J. C. H., Charlotte, N. C.—A bet that figure 5 on the enclosed nickel is head. B bets that the shield side with year made is head. Which one is right?.....Date side of a coin is recognized as the head.

T. P., Gas City, Ind.—Who was the first man that knocked John L. Sullivan down? How far is it from New York to Liverpool? How far is it from New York to San Francisco?.....1. Mitchell. 2. 3,540 miles. 3. 3,250 miles.

B. B., Staples, Minn.—A and B play a game of draw poker. A deals and B anticipates. A stays with B's ante, and both draw cards. A passes and B passes. Would or would it not be a lack pot?.....If A passes B takes the pot.

J. E. M., Appleton, Wis.—How many rounds did Corbett and Jackson fight? How many rounds did Corbett and Sullivan fight? Was the Jackson and Corbett fight called a draw, or no contest?.....1. 61. 2. 21. 3. "No contest."

J. W. K., Baltimore, Md.—To settle a dispute, will you inform me when, where and how many rounds were fought between Peter Maher and Bob Fitzsimmons?.....1. March 2, 1892. 2. Olympic Club, New Orleans. 3. Twelve rounds.

A. F. & A. H., Elgin, Ill.—To decide an argument, inform us whether a man that weighs 157 pounds can fight for the middleweight championship of the world and the belt or not.....No. The limit of middleweight is 156 pounds.

G. H., New York.—I have sent in an application for patrolman; am short 1 1/2 inches in the circumference of my chest. Please inform me where there is a good gymnasium?.....Wood's, West Twenty-eighth street, near Fifth avenue.

K. T. W., Port Jervis, N. Y.—If a man throws a six full of fives and has one more throw and picks up the five putting the two fives in box, and says I leave that, don't he leave three sixes or can he claim the six full?.....He can only claim the three sixes.

W. G., Knoxville, Tenn.—1. Did John L. Sullivan receive \$20,000 from the Olympic Club after his battle with Corbett? Does the loser in the coming battle between Corbett and Fitzsimmons get anything except training expenses?.....1. He did not. 2. No.

M. C. M., Dayton, O.—A and B play casino. A has first play, and builds ace on tray for four; has four in hand. B takes tray out of his hand and dence off the table and raises A's build to nine; has nine in his hand. A says B can't do that. Which is right?.....A.

O. M., Arctic, R. I.—There is a bet between myself and another man—the bet is this: That "I peddle pretty much all the time." Is that grammar or not? He bets it's all right and I bet it's wrong.

.....The sentence is badly constructed, but not grammatically defective. You lose.

J. W. H., Cumberland, Md.—Suppose A is champion pool player of the county and plays B who beats the champion. Then A says B must play him again or forfeit his claim. B says he does not have to play A again. Which is right?.....B is not compelled to play again having once defeated A.

W. H. K., Asbury Park, N. J.—In a game of euchre there were three prizes and a consolation prize. Two ladies made ten points each, one nine and four eight. The two ladies having ten each out for first prize. Does the low after losing the first prize take the second?.....Takes the second.

G. O. P., Gas City, Ind.—Two horses are running a heat. They are number 5 and 7. A bets \$2 to \$1 that number 5 wins and they run a dead heat and divide the purse. Could B take that money?.....The money bet is divided. If \$2 to \$1 was bet there is \$3 in the pool and each takes \$1.50. That is the rule of race track betting.

M. L., Marshalltown, Ia.—A and B are playing casino. It is A's first play. On the table there is an ace. A plays a four spot on ace building five. B plays. A plays a five on the five he had built making it a ten. Can he do this or does he have to take in his first five that he has built?.....He can press it to ten, or take in the first five, whichever he chooses to do.

F. M., Townsville, Queensland, Aus.—A bet that, according to either London prize ring or Queensberry rules, no referee has no business inside the ring, only in case he has to break away the fighters; and that, also, the seconds have no business to be inside the ring during the contest.....The referee has, but not the seconds, only during the interval between rounds.

G. W. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—A man at bat hits a line fly to right field but it is a little high for the fielder and he jumps in the air for the ball and in doing so stops it to such an extent that it bounds in the air from his hands and coming down it hits a spectator's hat and the fielder then catches the ball again before it touches the ground. Is the batter out?.....No, it's a blocked ball.

Mrs. M. K., St. Helena, Mich.—Inform me in what year a lady walked from San Francisco to New York. How long did it take her to accomplish the feat. How many rests she took and how long they lasted. Also the compensation she received for doing the work?.....A woman named Zoe Clayton claims to have accomplished the feat but it is doubted. No inducements are offered.

J. D. T., Lake Charles, La.—L bets J that he will beat him jumping, and they jump a tie, and J wants to draw; can L compel him to jump that tie off? What is the longest six-day go-as-you-please that was ever made, and what is the man's name? Who has the longest reach, Corbett or Fitzsimmons?.....1. No. It is a draw; may jump off if mutually agreed. 2. 623 miles 1,320 yards. 3. Littlewood. 4. Both 75 inches.

S. J. F., Indianapolis, Ind.—Have you pictures of Dick Hollywood and Dan Donnelly for sale? Who publishes "Fistiana," and what is the price of it? What books may be gotten that treat of English highwaymen—Turpin, Dural, and others?.....1. Have no pictures of either Hollywood or Donnelly. 2. "Fistiana" is out of print. For lives of pugilists, see list on pages 14 and 15. 3. Try the American News Co., 39 and 41 Chambers street, this city.

F. T. K., Faldia, Minn.—For an electric start and stop is there a watch or clock manufactured that can be connected to a battery by wire to start when runner strikes string, and stop when runner strikes at the outcome, that will give the correct time of runner? If so, by whom manufactured and sold? Have you a book that gives the records of foot racers for 100 yards?.....1. Such a machine was manufactured for experimental purposes, but was not a success. We do not recall the name of the inventor. 2. Send 25 cents to this office for a book of records.

B. G. F., Danville, N. Y.—At a ball game between Danville and Geneseo, at the latter place on Tuesday, the 13th inst., the following incidents took place: 1st. It was agreed by the managers that Dolan, of Geneseo, and Morey, of Danville, should umpire the game—Dolan to umpire the play at the bat and Morey to umpire the bases when Geneseo was in the field, and Morey to umpire the play at the bat and Dolan the bases when Danville was in the field. 2d. In the last half of the sixth inning, Danville being in the field, Jones, Geneseo runner, attempted to steal second. Dolan, then umpiring bases, declared Jones safe at second base. 3d. At this point a large crowd of outsiders entered the diamond, disputing as to the correctness of Dolan's decision. Bases were struck, and great confusion prevailed for some time. 4th. After the disturbance had continued for some minutes, Morey, umpire of the play at the bat, declared the game a draw, and left the field with the Danville players. Dolan took Morey's place, called for play, and gave the game to Geneseo by a score of 9 to 0. 5th. The actual score at the time of the disturbance was 5 to 3 in favor of Geneseo. Geneseo parties contend that they win all bets by reason of Dolan's decision. Danville parties contend, first, that all bets are off, or a draw, on the ground that Morey, holding the position of umpire at the bat, upon the failure of either side to play ball, had a right to declare the result of the game; or, second, that the two umpires having been agreed upon by the two managers, where only one is recognized by league rules, that the result of the game must be agreed upon by both umpires, else there is no decision and all bets are off. The question is, What becomes of the money bet?.....The umpires should have consulted, and agreed to call the game or continue. Failing to do this, the Danville players forfeited the game by leaving the field. Geneseo won the game by default, and the money also.

PUGILISTIC POINTERS.

Joe Walcott, Tom O'Rourke says, can stop Arthur Valentine in 4 rounds.

Tom Ryan and Bill Smith are matched to box in England next March for £1,000 a side.

It is reported that an attempt will be made to reopen the Seattle Athletic Club in the fall.

If Leslie Pierce was a little heavier he would be a dangerous candidate for lightweight honors. 126 pounds is his regular weight.

The Canadian fighter, Charles Johnson, on Sept. 3 defeated George Crisp, of Newcastle, in 17 rounds. Dick Burge will now challenge Johnson.

John H. Clark has issued a challenge in behalf of Charles McKeever to fight Arthur Valentine for \$1,000 on the outside and the largest purse offered, at any weight from 133 to 140 pounds. Valentine may name the date and number of rounds.

Miss Kate Conde, a belle of Anderson, Ind., and worth \$50,000 in her own right, has eloped with Lon Reed, a prize fighter and sporting man. It is said that when they first met his vocation was not known to Miss Conde, and after she had become infatuated with him it made no difference to her.

Tommy White, the Chicago featherweight, who was to have met Johnny Lavack before the Columbus Athletic Club, at Columbus, O., Sept. 13, writes that Lavack has backed out of the match. The officials of the club, rather than see White leave Columbus without having a contest, have arranged with Eugene Bezenah to meet Tommy in a 20-round contest at 125 pounds Sept. 12.

A special from Colorado Springs says that Judge Harris fined the Mexicans who participated in the bull fight at Gillette, Col. Marrero, the Mateador, was arraigned on four counts, and Carlos Garcia and Antonio Sentra, the picadors, had seven counts against them. They pleaded guilty and were fined \$15 on each count.

The report that Jack Falvey, of Providence, and Leslie Pearce, of Philadelphia, are matched to fight is denied by George V. Tuohy, manager of Pearce. Falvey's challenge for \$1,000 a side was accepted some weeks ago, but since then nothing has been heard from him. Pearce will start to train for his fight with Owen Zeigler, which takes place at the Eureka Club, Baltimore, at a date to be named.

Jim Corbett expected to begin training last week for the big fight. He was unable to do so because his left knee, which was injured recently by a fall from a bicycle, was considerably swollen. His physician, Dr. Hamilton Griffin, advised the champion to rest for a week or ten days. Corbett will therefore have to do nearly all his work in Texas. According to the present programme he will start South on Sept. 25.

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YOUNG GRIFFO AND LAVIGNE

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LOCAL TALENT VERSUS BIG CARDS.

Coincident with Young Griffio's release from jail, where he had been confined under the now pending charge of having committed an atrocious and nameless crime upon a young boy, came the news of his having been matched to fight Kid Lavigne, the Saginaw lad, for a \$5,000 purse, offered by the Empire Athletic Club of Maspeth, L. I., on Sept. 25. It is to be hoped that nothing more happens to prevent the two lads coming together this time. Since Lavigne fought the "feather" to a draw in Chicago he has been more than anxious to try conclusions with him in a bout that will settle the question of supremacy. Lavigne made a draw with the Australian on the occasion of their first meeting and has always contended that he should have had the decision. However, in the opinion of the gentleman who officiated as referee he did not do sufficiently well to justify a decision in his favor, so we must accept the records. It was a source of regret that Lavigne did not have a chance to fight Griffio when they were last matched. The lad from Michigan was well trained for the fray, and the conditions, weight, etc., suited him to a nicety. He is confident yet of beating Griffio.

The Australian seems determined to keep himself before the public in an unenviable way. He was hardly out of jail twenty-four hours before he got into an altercation with Shadow Maber at Coney Island and came within an ace of being arrested again. There are a lot of people who believe that the community would be spared a lot of annoyance if this young man were put out of the way until he got some enough to be permitted to go about without a guardian, something he seems to need very badly.

The Active Athletic Club, of Constable Hook, N. J., which has had a great amount of sensational booming seems to be a little shy in getting down to actual business. For some reason or other, probably a deficiency in the treasury, no progress has been made in getting an attraction for the inaugural night. The policy of opening with anything but a stellar attraction must be condemned. The success of having a good card was apparent on the occasion of the opening of the new club at Maspeth, L. I. Two first-class bouts were "carded," two knockouts occurred, there was no interference and everything worked smoothly and harmoniously. The crowd was not quite up to expectations, but this was due to an existing doubt in the minds of the sporting men regarding the ability of Kennedy and his associates to pull the affair off without trouble. All doubts on this score have now been removed, and the next entertainment will find people clamoring for admission.

Referring again to the Active Club, if it is Manager Early's plan to run things upon a cheap scale, I fear he is making a grave mistake. Local talent will not suffice to attract the best patrons of the sport, a bout for instance between Hall and Choyinski would excite a lot of interest and warrant a big turnout of the followers of pugilism, whereas a quartette of bouts put up by representatives from the local aggregation might suffice to fill the galleries, but leave the paying part of the arena conspicuously empty. The fact has been demonstrated that it pays to give good shows.

Arthur Valentine hasn't been very long in America, but sufficiently long, at any rate, to make himself extremely unpopular with a class of people who admire unostentatiousness, modesty, a quiet demeanor and a lack of bluster. Valentine had not been twenty-four hours on Yankee soil before he began exploiting his quality as a pugilist by saying that he drove Stanton Abbott out of England, and ridiculing the latter's pretensions to being the recognized holder of the title of lightweight champion of Great Britain. Were all this true, courtesy towards a fellow-countryman should have prompted him to withhold such reflective utterances, saying nothing but what may be considered as complimentary to his rival. Abbott landed in America without any of the brass band, circus parade accompaniment which distinguished the advent of his rival. He has won the admiration of American sportsmen by his quiet, gentlemanly attitude and an inclination to retain his prestige by meritorious work in the ring, rather than by posing as a claimant for notoriety at the expense of others. Under these circumstances, everybody was pleased when Abbott jumped into the breach with a very decisive claim-down when he learned of the reasons which Valentine assigned for his quitting England. Abbott quickly declared his willingness to fight his traducer for money or fun, under any conditions, to prove his claim to the title of champion.

Having made some inquiries from reliable sources regarding the truth of Valentine's statement about having driven Abbott out of England, I learn that there is absolutely not a word of truth in it. When Abbott came to America it was as the bona fide champion lightweight of England, although I will say parenthetically that this did not speak very highly for the quality of the lightweight division over there. He had beaten all rival aspirants to the title, and the reason why Valentine did not fight him was that the latter, then a youngster, only claimed as a third-rater, and therefore not a fit opponent for the champion. Valentine has doubtless improved since then, but to what a degree remains to be seen.

His appearance has not inspired the American lightweight division with fear to any very great extent, judging from the eagerness evinced on all sides to get on a match. The opinion prevails that the first of the group to get him will pull off an easy victory. The distinction of meeting him first will probably fall to Kid Lavigne, and my prediction, based upon an analysis of Valentine's fights at home, is that the Saginaw lad will best him inside of ten rounds.

The State of Ohio furnishes the atest aspirant for heavyweight championship honors. Two men are to fight there on Sept. 19 for the championship of the State, and the winner will ultimately loom up the probable challenger of the winner of the heavyweight title. The two men referred to are Yank Kenny, of Toledo, and Dan Bayliff, of Lima.

Both the principals have been in active training for the last two weeks, and as there is considerable money up, and neither of the men has ever been defeated, those who go down to the Wood County town on the night of the match can feel sure of seeing a fight for their money.

Kenny's friends express themselves as confident that he will win the fight. But Bayliff is a hard fighter, and has never been beaten. He is training hard at Lima, and it is pretty difficult to tell what the outcome of the match will be.

Mike Leonard has dropped a peg or two in the public's estimation since that sensational occurrence at the Academy of Music, in New York, which resulted in the arrest of himself, Tom O'Rourke, Parson Davies and George Dixon. Heretofore, the chroniclers of happenings in the world of sport were wont to refer to Leonard as the "Beau Brummel of Pugilism," the "Pugilistic Fashion Plate," or "The Broadway Poser." Since these appellations have been discarded, the local writers have, with surprising unanimity, settled upon the sobriquet of "Gold Tooth Mickey," as the one which comes nearest to filling the bill.

Speaking of the distinguished gentleman, whose particular claim

to notoriety arises from his ignorance on the subject of ring etiquette, reminds me that the Police Court end of the difficulty, which he alone was responsible for, was settled in a peculiar way. In the course of the preliminary examination, Managers Davies and O'Rourke were discharged upon the ground that they did not "aid and abet a prize fight," as charged in the complaint. Dixon and Leonard were held to await a decision by the magistrate. The latter finally discharged Dixon, a proceeding which was equivalent to saying that the boxing contest with Leonard was not a prize fight, as interpreted by the overzealous police official who made the arrest. He, however, fined Leonard \$10 for committing an assault.

SAM AUSTIN.

SAYS SHE JUMPED, BUT DID SHE? Latest Aspirant for Bridge Jumping Fame is a Woman.

A woman by the name of McArthur is alleged to have dropped off the Brooklyn bridge last Saturday at 2:30 A. M., but there were no witnesses present and it is doubtful if the feat was really accomplished. It was not yet daybreak at the time the woman's friends allege that she made the leap, and it is not improbable that a dummy was used. It is admitted by those interested that instead of jumping off the rail as is usually done, she dropped from between the girders, underneath. According to the stories given out she was noticed only by a bridge policeman, who, as he afterward reported to his sergeant, merely saw a dark form on the roadway, which disappeared immediately under the railroad tracks, near the New York tower.

While Policeman Edwards was patrolling his post on South street along the river front at 6 o'clock, a man without hat or coat rushed up to him and exclaimed excitedly: "Officer, get an ambulance quick; I've just picked up a woman in the river."

Edwards ran to the station house and sent a call to Hudson Street Hospital. Returning he was taken to Pier 16, where a small boat was tied up. A man was in the boat and was engaged in chafing a woman's hands. She feigned unconsciousness. Ambulance Surgeon Kenesee who responded to the call from the Hudson Street Hospital, could not find that any of the woman's limbs were broken, nor was she otherwise injured. He was unable to hold her for examination. If the woman really dropped from the bridge structure it was a case of wasted energy for a dummy might have been employed for the purpose, and at that early hour in the morning nobody but those interested could have really told whether it was a woman who was fished out of the river or not.

Joe Ellingsworth and Paddy Gorman, "has-beens," will box ten rounds in New Jersey next month.

Ex-Champion John L. Sullivan has returned to Boston. The big fellow is reported to be in fine health and spirits.

Jack Shelly, who was defeated by Frank Erne recently, is arranging another match with Erne to be held in private for a stake and purse.

A report has reached this city that Mike Cooney, who was well known in this city as a boxer of repute, died of yellow fever at Havana recently.

At San Antonio and Corpus Christi the citizens are preparing the training quarters for Corbett and Fitzsimmons. It is understood that the champions will go to Texas late in September.

Mike Haley is thinking of bringing Munc Wallace to this country. Wallace is at present matched to box George Corbitt, and if he is successful in the contest he will come at once to this country.

Pat Daly, the fighter, who went to England about ten months ago, seems to have enjoyed phenomenal success. He says that he defeated over ten men. Daly intends to make his home permanently across the water.

Mike Leonard, of New York, and Charley Gehring, of Baltimore, lightweight pugilists, have been matched to fight 25 rounds to a decision. The bout will take place before the club offering the largest purse.

It is almost even money on the big fight now. Fitzsimmons is rapidly making friends, but there is little danger of his going into the ring on the 31st of October the favorite. The combination, Corbett, Ryan and O'Donnell, at 6 to 1, is being largely taken.

Tom O'Rourke and Parson Davies have formed a strong pugilistic combination, and propose to make a tour of the West and South, exhibiting their men in special bouts. The party will include Joe Choyinski, Tommy Ryan, James Barry, Joe Walcott and George Dixon.

Considerable Fitzsimmons money has made its appearance in the East, yet the Californian has the call. The hero worshipping and a certain class of sporting writers believe, or affect to believe, that Corbett is invincible, and has a dead clinch on winning the contest.

Kid Lavigne has not replied to the offer made him by the Farragut Club, of Boston, to box Joe Walcott next month. Lavigne told O'Rourke that if Walcott beat O'Brien he would meet Walcott at lightweight limit. In case Lavigne will not match with Walcott, the Farragut Club will try and bring him and Jack Everhardt together again.

Arthur Valentine, the latest boxer imported from England, is trying to give the public the idea that he is a great boxer by challenging Jack McAuliffe. It is a well known fact that the lightweight champion cannot box again for a year, if at all, and if Valentine is really anxious to test his skill with American boxers, Valentine in his class can accommodate him.

Fred Johnson, the English featherweight, says that he did not get fair play when he was defeated by champion George Dixon at Coney Island. He received as fair treatment as any boxer could expect. Johnson never received such a hard punching before, and he may think that it was not fair for Dixon to hit him hard because no one else has done so.

The chances are that the next fight arranged in San Francisco will be between Gus Horget, a brother of Young Mitchell, and Jimmy Whalen, who several years ago won the lightweight amateur championship of the California Club. Whalen has several victories to his credit. The match will be for \$250 a side, besides the purse which the Colma Club will hang up. The men will fight at 137 pounds.

Dick O'Brien and Joe Walcott, the participants in the boxing carnival at Boston, were arraigned in the Municipal Court, charged with engaging in a prize fight. Deputy Superintendent of Police Pierce had never seen a prize fight. He testified that he had seen the football game at Springfield, when he saw far more brutality and the men were much more used up than O'Brien was after his bout with Walcott.

"Parson" Davies, manager of Jimmy Barry, would like to arrange a match between his protégé and Fred Taral, the well-known jockey. The latter appears to be anxious for a meeting with Barry, but the "Parson" said recently that it was such a "good thing" that he did not think he was lucky enough to get it. Taral has a big following, and a match between him and Barry would draw a great crowd.

There is still a chance to bring Sharkey and Joe McAuliffe together. The former has been transferred from the Philadelphia, and will soon quit the Navy, as his time is about to expire, when he announces that he will be ready to meet any pugilist on the Coast. Mr. Sheehan, Sharkey's manager at Vallejo, will doubtless soon open up a correspondence with the Colma Athletic Club in regard to a match with McAuliffe for the \$1,000 purse offered by the Colma Athletic Club.

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WILL THERE BE A KITCH?

Highest Texas Courts Asked to Define the Law.

LATEST ABOUT THE BIG FIGHT

Stuart Anxious to Protect People who Want to see the Great Contest.

AT THEIR TRAINING QUARTERS.

Dan Stuart and the gentlemen who are associated with him in projecting the Corbett-Fitzsimmons contest have shown conclusively that they are determined to settle the question of legal authority to go ahead with the affair without any needless lapses of time. The new law governing prize fights went into effect on Sept. 1, and on the day following two local sistic celebrities, Clark and Cavanagh, were brought together in the ring under the exact conditions which will prevail when Corbett and Fitzsimmons meet. It was intended to have arrests made, thus paving the way for the highest Court in the State to hand down an opinion as to the validity of the law, settling, therefore, once and forever, the question whether or not there will be any interference with the big fight.

To prevent anything like a hitch in the scheme, the preliminary details were attended to in accordance with the same details that will be proceeded with before the date of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons affair. According to the clause in the civil code containing provisions for a tax of \$500 for every contest between man and man, the club proffered the amount to County Collector Louis Jacoby. The latter refused to receive it, acting under the advice of the State Comptroller, pending advice from the State Attorney. It was then intended by Stuart and his confederates to apply for a mandamus compelling the County Collector to receive the legal tax for the Clark-Cavanagh contest, but this was not done, it being deemed most expedient to have Sheriff Cabell arrest the principals. The fight went on without



MAYOR HOLLAND, DALLAS, TEXAS.

any interruption until the twenty-second round, when the sheriff and his posse put in an appearance and arrested the offenders. A writ of habeas corpus was applied for, and the case carried along until the highest court in the State is reached, and the examination which shall result in the opinion as to the validity of the law is now pending.

The necessity of forcing the issue is now apparent, and the club will be wise to have things straightened out at the earliest possible moment. Thousands of people throughout the country are deferring their preparations to visit Texas until some sort of official announcement is made as the outcome of this legal controversy. It will be remembered that the uncertainty as to Gov. Mitchell's right to interfere with the Corbett-Mitchell affair kept many people away from Florida, and cost the promoters of the enterprise as much, probably, as \$50,000. It is to be hoped that history will not repeat itself in this instance. I have the utmost confidence in Stuart, and am disposed to believe that the club will hold the contest in the face of all legal or official emergencies. He has the solid business men of Dallas—and all Texas, too—at his back, and he is not the sort of man to quit because of a little excitement.

Gov. Culberson has not benefited to any extent in the public's estimation by his antagonistic attitude. An instance of this is given in the way the press of the State has censured him. The Times-Herald says, referring to Culberson's recent instructions to the sheriff:

"Inasmuch as Sheriff Cabell has never yet failed to do his duty, Gov. Culberson's new correspondence will strike the conservative thinking people as a matter of presumption, if not impertinence. The Governor has no right to prejudice an official of intended dereliction of official duty. And this new correspondence once more calls to mind the fact that Gov. Culberson was, less than eight months ago, an Attorney-General of Texas for several years, during which time Ben E. Cabell was, as he now is, Sheriff of Dallas County. During Attorney-General Culberson's time as the State's chief law officer more than one hundred glove contests or prize fights took place in Texas, many of them in Dallas county, under identical the same rules that Corbett and Fitzsimmons are to follow. But Attorney-General Culberson failed to accuse Sheriff Cabell of being neglectful of his duty, or to take any steps to prevent the contests. His present promptings of Attorney-General Crane are in striking contrast with his own course under similar circumstances. Mr. Culberson's official life is almost as contradictory as has been his political career. Mr. Culberson, it will be remembered, accepted a nomination on a sound money platform and then used it as a springboard to some result on the free silver mattress. There is no use talking, Mr. Culberson is the world's champion jumper."

If Culberson has made himself unpopular, the very reverse must be said of Mayor Holland, of Dallas, a man who is certainly alive to the needs and necessities of the people who elected him to office.

As will be seen by an excellent cut of the Mayor of Dallas given in this article, Mr. Holland is a man of a sunny disposition, well fed, and at peace with the world. He is not an advocate of lawlessness nor a promoter of prize fighting, but he is a believer in physical culture, and considers that the meeting between Corbett and Fitzsimmons will be the greatest physical culture show the world ever saw.

"I have not been in Dallas for several weeks," said Mayor Holland, "and I have heard all sorts of stories emanating from the Lone Star State, including both Dallas and Austin, with an occasional squib from El Paso, but my mind is not at all changed on the proposition as to whether Corbett and Fitzsimmons will meet in Dallas on Oct. 31. Remember, I am not advocate of prize fighting nor of lawlessness of any sort, but I am a believer in physical culture, and I believe that the greatest physical culture show the world ever witnessed will be given at Dallas on Oct. 31 next, when James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons contest for high honors and much money. Eminent lawyers of the State of Texas coincide with each other in the belief that there is no law to prevent pugilism in the State of Texas—certainly no law that will prevent physical culture entertainments such as will be given in Dallas the last of October." Chicago is identified with the situation as the scene of a conference

held there the other day. The parties to the discussion were William Clark, a cousin of Dan Stuart, and one of the guarantors of the purse; Frank F. Holland, Mayor of Dallas; M. R. McCall, Dan Stuart's partner; W. G. Crush, general passenger agent of one of the Northern railroads; Malachi Hogan and F. J. Fallon, who will have charge of the Chicago excursion party.

William Clark, who is a counterpart of his cousin, the figurehead in the enterprise, spoke with the utmost confidence of the ability of the promoters of the affair to carry out their plans.

"About September 10 we will know exactly where we stand," he said, "and until then we will not make any boasts. Of course the matter will be taken into the courts. If the case is decided in our favor, which I am confident it will be, then we will complete our arrangements for the entertainment of visitors."

"Suppose the decision is against you?"

"Well, that will slightly interfere with our plans, but only slightly. Under the strictest interpretation of the severest law covering the point, prize fighting in our State is only a misdemeanor, and I guess we can stand the fine that may be imposed. But even supposing that we are balked, there are other places besides Dallas."

"Mexico?"

"Yes, if you want to, but that is too far away for practical purposes. There is a more available spot within a few hours' journey of Dallas."

Although Mr. Clark declined to say so, the spot referred to is very likely across the State line in Indian Territory.

A little excitement apart from that occasioned by the legal controversy was occasioned the other day by a rumor that there would be a change in the date of the contest. The contention was made that the time agreed upon comes just prior to the fall elections, making it impossible for the thousands who should attend the carnival to reach their homes in time to even vote, much less to take any active part in the political campaign.

The individual whose mighty brain conceived this argument says, by way of explanation:

"This serious drawback to the large number of politicians and officeholders, not only in New York and Brooklyn, but throughout the country, who, by the by, comprise the large majority of those who frequent such events, from attending the great fight, will, it is now thought, cause the managers of the fight to reconsider their schedule of dates, making them either ten days earlier or ten days later. It is a conceded fact that the politicians of the several large cities of the country form over 70 per cent. of the crowds that patronize the battles of the squared arena."

"They are, in fact, the backbone and sinew of the manly sport, and their support is absolutely necessary to assure success to any such events. The elections this fall in New York, Brooklyn and immediate vicinity are merely of local character. Still they are to be of the Tobacco sauce order, and more interest is manifested in them, even at this early date, than is usual."

By way of explanation, I might say that the above was penned by a certain young man who hangs on to the fringe of the political



GOV. CHARLES A. CULBERSON.

situation in New York, and it was in the fear that his personal interest urged him to agitate a change of date, so that he would not be put to any inconvenience, or be disloyal to his political friends. The officials of the Florida Athletic Club with whom I communicated say that it will be impossible to change the schedule of dates to ten days earlier or ten days later. The championship contest has been advertised to take place on Oct. 31. Thousands of persons have made their plans to attend, and the fight must be pulled off on that date.

So far as the two principals are concerned there is nothing new to be said beyond the fact that Corbett has returned to his training quarters at Asbury Park, and he and Steve O'Donnell have begun preparing for their respective fights. Jim is all right barring a slight injury to the knee, the result of a fall from his bicycle. The wound is being treated and will be all right in a day or two.

Fitzsimmons is back at his training quarters at Coney Island with Charley White, the chickens, a Newfoundland dog and the baby lion for companions. Fitz began the hard work on Monday and every day from now until he leaves for Texas will find him training vigorously. Prof. Mike Donovan, the ex-middleweight champion, who is a great admirer of the Australian, visits him frequently, and occasionally dons the gloves for a bout.

Perhaps at no place in the State of Texas aside from Dallas is greater interest shown in this contest than at San Antonio, where Corbett is to put in his finishing touches for what many think will be the hardest undertaking of his career as a boxer. The handsome grounds of the San Antonio Jockey Club at the northern suburbs of the city are undergoing many improvements especially for the exclusive use of the champion.

Corbett and his party will be handsomely provided for. Two of the features of the preparations of the training quarters are a handball court and baseball diamond in the field. Handball is a sport of which Corbett is not only very fond, but a game which plays an important part in his system of training. And as is generally known Corbett is an enthusiastic admirer of baseball. There will be no trouble in finding sufficient ball players at San Antonio to give him all the baseball exercise he requires upon his own field. It is expected that several games for charity will be played, at which Corbett will don a uniform. He will go to his model quarters at San Antonio about October 1.

Fitzsimmons will put on his finishing touches at Corpus Christi. Just what arrangements are being made there for the great middleweight have not yet been divulged.

Judge Charles F. Clint, of Dallas, swore in a new grand jury the other day, and delivered a very conservative charge on the subject of prize fighting. He said for the past three years he had repeatedly directed attention of grand jurors to prize fighting and glove contests, and instructed that participants should not be indicted, believing there was no law against pugilistic encounters. Judge Clint said the manly art had its advocates and its enemies, and a court of last resort should pass on the law. Until a test case had been passed upon, he did not believe the grand jury should investigate the glove contests advertised.

It is understood that matters have been fixed at Mexico City with the Federal officials so that the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight can be pulled off in Juarez, across the Rio Grande from El Paso. Governor Asumada, of Chihuahua, favors having the fight at Juarez, but has been held back by President Diaz heretofore. Twenty thousand dollars, Mexican money, must be put up as a guarantee for local expenses and evidence of good faith.

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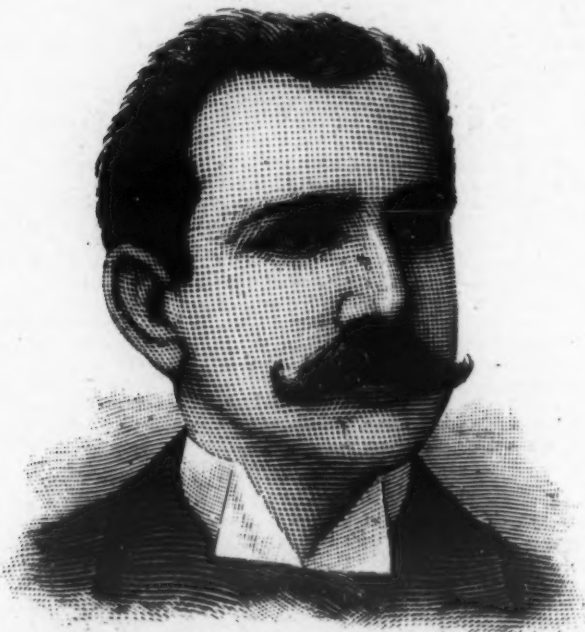
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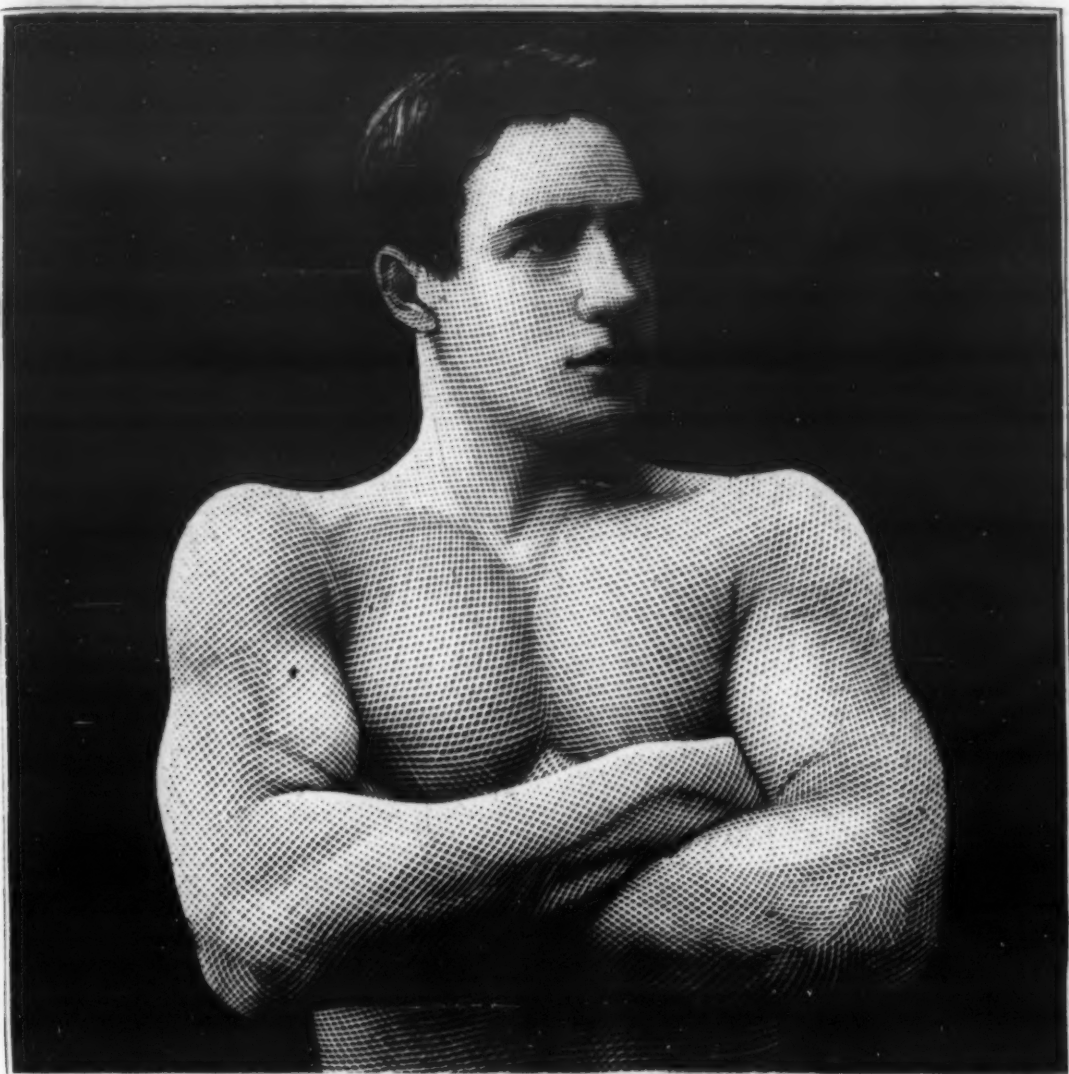
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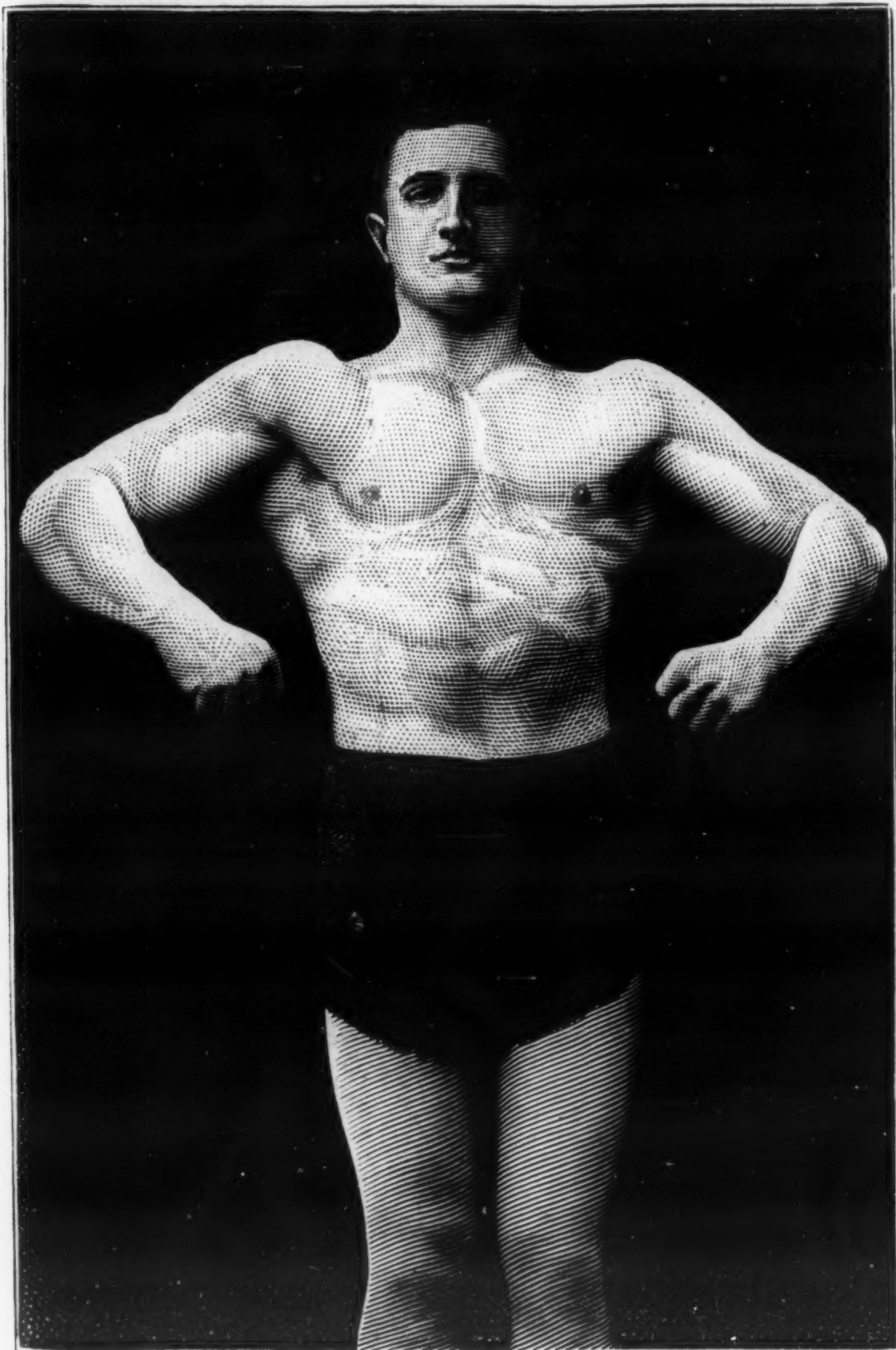
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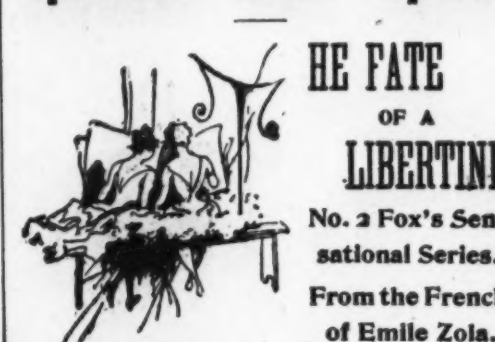
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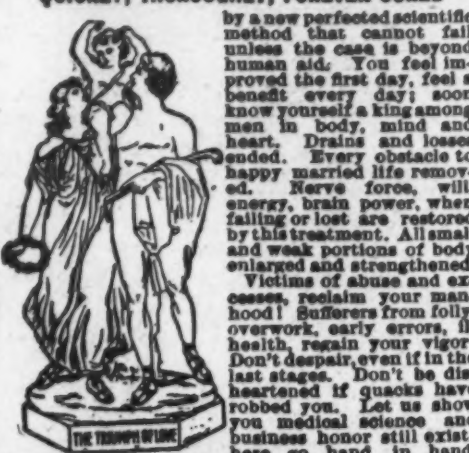
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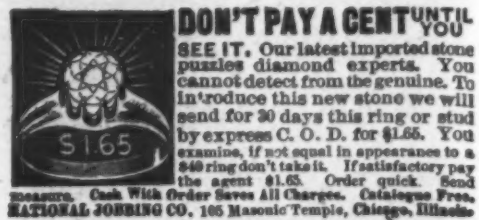
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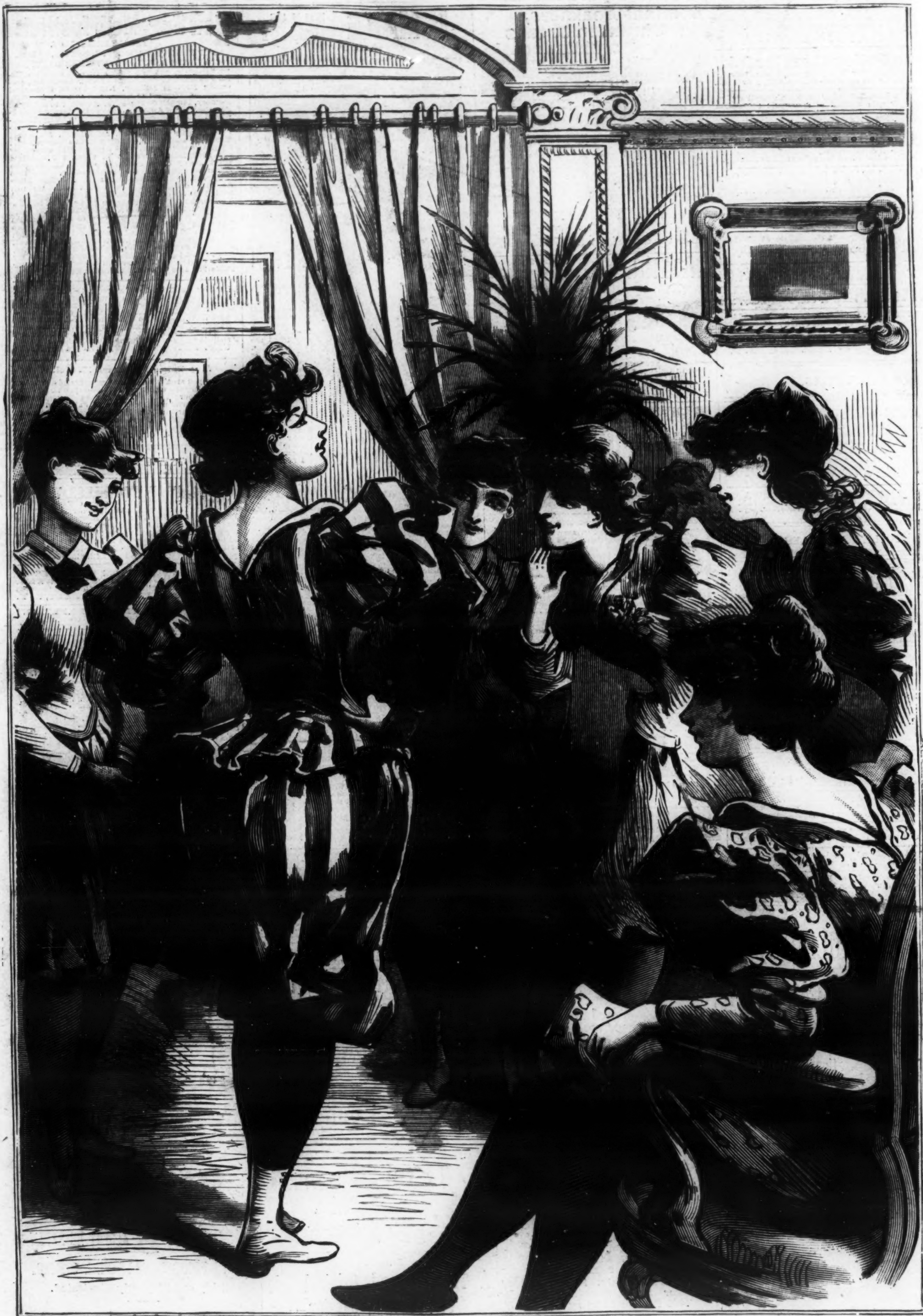
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